

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Catholic Lay Action

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An Iconoclast Intrudes

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Vol. 8, No. 9

April, 1929

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1929

A HANDFUL OF RICE	514
By Father Harold Purcell, C.P.	
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT	515
Prohibition Becomes a Religion—"The Gray Man of Christ"—Kinship with Paganism—What is the Canon Law?— More Than an Ecclesiastical Depart- ment—China's Plea for Help.	
CATEGORICA	518
Edited by N. M. Law	
CATHOLIC LAY ACTION	521
By Michael Boyle Stuart	
"YOURS UNBELIEVINGLY"	525
By E. M. Almedinger	
EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE	527
By Eleanor Rogers Cox	
AN ICONOCLOST VENTURES	531
By Mary E. McGill	
IT'S THE MASS THAT MATTERS	534
By Joseph Holden	
THE SIGN POST	537
PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH	542
By Phillips J. Scott	
DEAD AT FIFTY	544
By Jerome Harte Bosman	
TO MARY	546
By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.	
NOTRE DAME DE ROCOMADOUR	547
By Peter F. Anson	
A THROW OF THE DICE	550
By Francis Shea, C.P.	
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "RED"	552
By Charles F. Ferguson	
BACK OF BEYOND	554
By Teresa Brayton	
SPRINGTIME	556
By M. C. Kelley	
NATHANIEL THE GUILELESS	557
By F. J. Mueller	
THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY	559
By James B. Yelants	
NOONDAY MASS	560
By Phyllis McGinley	
OUR JUNIOR READERS	361
INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS	364
THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA	367

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Just a Handful of Rice

TO KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER

THE following letter was recently received by our Father Provincial. It was written by the Right Reverend Prefect of the Passionist Missions in China. The letter explains itself and, we hope, will make a strong appeal to the sympathy and generosity of our readers.

Very Rev. Stanislaus Grennan, C.P.,
St. Michael's Monastery,
Union City, N. J.

Dear Father Provincial:

Your Paternity will have read before now that in the greater part of our mission field we shall have to meet famine conditions again this year. I have waited until now to inform your Paternity of this because I was anxious to hear from all our priests in their respective missions as to prospective conditions before writing you and asking your assistance.

From the Fathers' reports the famine will not be so bad as that which faced our first mission band on their arrival here nor so bad as the famine of three years ago. Nor shall we be hit as hard as other districts in China which are now in the throes of famine—the only too frequent scourge of this afflicted country. Still, we shall have to meet the starving people coming to our missions and begging for a handful of rice to keep them alive during this spring and summer.

This dearth of rice is due largely to the rapaciousness of the bandit soldiers who consumed the rice reserve fund on hand since the last harvest. Again, 50 per cent of the last rice crop could not be garnered on account of the devastating droughts.

The result is that rice (the ordinary food of our poor people) has reached such a prohibitive price that thousands are reduced to beggary and even starvation. These poor people will naturally look to us for assistance.

I am now asking your Paternity to send us ten thousand dollars gold (\$10,000) to feed the famine-stricken in our missions. At present five thousand dollars (\$5,000) will be needed, and the other five before the summer is over.

The past two famines have taught the poor people of Hunan to look to us in time of trouble and some of the best Christians we have in our missions today were saved by the Church from starvation. In the name, then, of these poor sufferers I ask your Paternity to give us whatever help you can.

Devotedly yours in Christ's Passion,

DOMINIC LANGENBACHER, C.P.

The Readers of THE SIGN have been so consistently responsive to any appeals we have made for our missionaries and their work in China that we dislike to ask them for anything that is not strictly necessary. We are placing the sad facts before them in the above letter, knowing that whatever help they can give will be given gladly. "He gives twice who gives at once!"

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Volume Eight

April, 1929

Number Nine

Current Fact and Comment

Prohibition Becomes A Religion

MANY religious non-Catholics have apparently adopted a new religion—Prohibition. While they retain their former church affiliations and profess the creed of their churches they so stress Prohibition as to exclude consideration of every other law or moral practice. Of a large group of these Prohibitionists the *Christian Herald*, of New York, seems to be the mouthpiece and official organ. Last year it inaugurated the annual "Distinguished Religious Service Award" which took the form of an embossed parchment and a Mediterranean cruise. The first recipient of the award was Bishop Cannon of Virginia, political pulpiteer, formerly known as "One Quart" Cannon. The *Herald's* choice was widely acclaimed. But there was one dissenting voice whose splendid protest we here reprint:

Editor, *Christian Herald*.

Sir: Among the interesting announcements of this week's *Christian Herald* is that of the "Distinguished Religious Service Award." Believing you to be too generous to attribute my feelings to envy or selfishness, I am frankly writing you my mental reaction to this system of awarding honor and privilege to men of distinguished religious service. Briefly, your plan is wrong in the light of Jesus' way. The Mediterranean Cruise will invariably go to those whose salary would more nearly allow it on their own, rather than to those whose heroic ministry in woods or mountains has no chance of being distinguished in the eyes of the world.

The ministry today is being despised by men who toil as a fraternity of privilege at the top and of unrequited drudgery at the bottom.

The men who most need the trip and the soul afflatus of a walk in Galilee where the Servant of All walked must long for that experience in vain. Let them stifle their souls and go bravely on with their battle, while those who wear broadcloth return and tell about their great vacation. It just

isn't Jesus' way. But who am I to protest? Only a youth preaching Christ, who pleased not Himself, in the woods of the farthest north and western state. And I love this ministry and am content, even as my father and grandfather and great-grandfather before me were preachers of the Gospel and fulfilled their ministry.

Still the fact remains, that the Protestant clergy struggle for position, popularity, honor and salary. They are being encouraged to do so. The result of this system is the great over-churching of the cities, and the pathetic under-churching and under-manning of the rural and frontier fields. As far as I am concerned I want to be a pioneer and a missionary to the thousands of buried lives in this rough northwest. It is glorious. But I can hardly hope to be noticed by the religious world or press as one who renders, "Distinguished Religious Service."

Some men will strive for the chief seats in synagogue and some will take the towel and basin. But I believe that the award would be best given to him who humbleth himself and taketh the form of a servant.

ALONZO THEODORE GOODWIN,
Pastor Community Church,
Silver Beach,
Bellingham, Wash.

Whether they realize it or not Prohibition is demoralizing some of the Protestant churches. It has already succeeded in demoralizing the whole country—with the graft corruption, the killing of innocent citizens, the wholesaling of poisonous liquor, the practical theft of property by padlocking, the abolition of trial by jury. And now comes the Jones Law, with its outrageous provisions, by which the maximum penalties for violating the Volstead Act are greatly increased. This law appears to *Liberty* to be "a desperate effort—perhaps the last—of one religion to force itself on others."

"The Gray Man of Christ"

ON MARCH 26th, the funeral of Ferdinand Foch, Marshall of France, was held in the great Cathedral of Our Lady, Paris, from which the body was taken to rest beside that of Napoleon in the Invalides. "This great Captain," says the *New York World*, "whose genius rendered a service of incalculable value to the human race and whose whole career was that of a warrior, was utterly without any of the swashbuckling characteristics of lesser military men. He was simple—and would have preferred to sleep in the little place in the shadow of the Pyrenees, and to be carried to his grave from the Catholic Church he knew in childhood. For Marshall Foch was a devout Catholic."

His Catholic faith was the inspiration of his private life as it was the constant guide of his professional activities. An illustration of that faith is recorded in a letter written in 1918 by an American soldier in which he tells his family of having seen Marshall Foch enter a small church in France and spend an hour there alone in prayer. The incident inspired Mabel Hicks to write:

THE GRAY MAN OF CHRIST

Into a quiet church
There comes with reverent tread
A figure all in gray,
Of four great hosts the head.

Lord, Thou art God indeed;
Thou art most wondrous wise,
To choose this man in gray
To lead the massed Allies.

Out of the church he goes,
Still quiet in his mien;
His soul shines in his face,
So peaceful and serene.

He does not walk alone—
There is an unseen Guide
Goes with him back to camp
And lingers by his side.

And as he walks along,
Women in awe stand mute;
The children run and shout;
The soldiers all salute.

While twice five thousand guns
Roar on a hundred hills,
And men, in trenches crouched,
Await whate'er he wills.

But doubt he never has
Of what the end shall be,
For He who stands for right
Will send him victory.

The freedom of the world
Hung in the balance when
The good Lord sent to us
This greatest of all men.

There comes across the world
The clear, sweet call of peace.
Christ and the Man in Gray
Have brought us sweet release.

"As all America," continues the *World*, "stands at salute in honor of the man under whose command our boys from every section of the country fought, there ought to be a feeling in many quarters here that perhaps our cause and our soldiers did not suffer because of the religion of Marshall Foch, and that possibly there was much said and done last summer and fall in this country he could not possibly have understood."

Kinship with Paganism

WE ARE glad to see that the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is turning its attention to the marriage evils that are the plague of this country today. We welcome help from every quarter in the fight against the forces that are robbing matrimony of all semblance of seriousness and sanctity. Anyone who gives a moment's thought to the monster of divorce that prowls at will throughout the land, leaving in its wake blasted homes and blighted souls, cannot but be filled with grave misgivings on the stability and permanency of the nation.

But why such a belated awakening on the part of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America? The evils it bemoans are not of today or yesterday. In fact the bare admission of the moral depravity that the report of the Federal Council uncovers is, we should say, rather damaging testimony. How comes it in an age that has made the welkin ring with praise of the moral enlightenment and spiritual vision responsible for the triumph of Prohibition and morality by legislation that we have to acknowledge a disquieting kinship with Paganism?

We wish the Federal Council well. We rejoice that it has eyes for things other than fermentation and the religion in politics. But we fear that the intense application it has given to these two subjects lately has damaged its vision; and, what is worse, that it betokens a moral sight more dependent on the lurid glare of a Washington lobby than on the white light of Calvary.

What is the Canon Law?

WE ARE so accustomed to find Catholic doctrine either misrepresented, or inaccurately stated, or even caricatured in the daily press that we are almost amazed to find such a lucid explanation of the origin, development and significance of the Canon Law, which is the law of the Church, that we reproduce in full this dispatch of the Associated Press:

ROME (A. P.)—Legal experts and jurists the world over are showing interest in the workings of probably the most unusual legal change of modern times—the reintroduction of canon law in Italy as a result of the new Italo-Vatican agreement.

By this treaty the law of the Church is restored to go hand in hand with the law of the land. The system of civil law will be modified in religious and moral matters by canon

law, which will take hold as soon as the agreement is formally ratified by the new Italian Parliament.

Citizens of Italy in future will thus be guided in many of their relations one to another by one of the oldest codes in the world. Canon law was first codified by Gratian in the middle of the twelfth century, but it can be traced practically to the beginnings of the Roman Catholic Church.

The introduction of canon law will mean a number of changes in present regulations, such as those relating to marriage; but since the fundamentals of canon and civil law are practically the same, Italians can carry on as before without much fear of interference.

Canon law is important the world over, because in so many countries it was either the foundation of their civil laws or contributed a great part of their provisions. England owes to canon law a great debt during the formative period of English common law in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and America owes a like debt through its transplantation of the common law.

Canon law is formed first of all from the Scriptures, particularly from the code enunciated by Jesus Christ. Some of the Old Testament principles, such as the Ten Commandments and some lesser regulations, such as the degrees of relationship within which marriage cannot be contracted, have been retained, but most of the canon law comes from the New Testament. Added to this basis are the laws of the church, made by the Popes and the episcopate. The earlier pronouncements of the Popes were contained in letters. In later years these have been called bulls.

In recent years canon law has usually been added to by legislation prepared by congregations or committees of cardinals working under the Roman Curia, and approved by the Pope. These pieces of legislation are known as *Acta Sanctae Sedis*, or "Acts of the Holy See."

Canon law has had a tremendous effect on almost all relations of mankind by its constant pressure during almost two thousand years. It assisted the Church in bettering the condition of slaves and in working for their freedom. It gave children a higher status than that of chattels of their father. It made woman free. It made wills more just by the rule that a man could not will away his whole estate and ignore his widow and children.

Canon law is the foundation, too, for the modern view of contracts. To canon law the lawyers of today owe much of their methods of legal procedure, and the judges much of their system of jurisprudence.

May we suggest that our readers would familiarize themselves with the above quoted explanation and then pass it to an intelligent non-Catholic. The information contained in the dispatch is such as to disabuse one who is willing to learn of the delusion that the Canon Law is a code of legislation that has long outgrown its usefulness.

More than an Ecclesiastical Department

"WHY may not all Romanists agree," asks a Methodist publication, "in this holy Catholic idea of applying religion to all life—politics, business and society—making it much more than a narrow ecclesiastical department?" The occasion that called forth the remark does not matter. Our concern is merely with the idea of "applying" religion. There is nothing in Catholic doctrine or discipline that enjoins "applying" religion to

any phase of life: for the simple reason that the Catholic religion has to do with every phase of life. The Catholic does not hold his religion as something to be "applied"; it is already there in any phase of life that presents itself as a matter of conduct or speculation. And there in such a way and to such a degree that to consider any phase of life without recognizing its presence, would be as reasonable as seeing Switzerland and omitting the Alps, or reading Hamlet without encountering the Prince of Denmark.

Our only remark now on the opinion that the Catholic religion "is a narrow ecclesiastical department" is that such a view is a marvelous variation of the Methodist teaching against the candidacy of Governor Smith, who was execrated from many a pulpit as the adherent of a Faith that had purpose and power enough to capture the whole machinery of American Government, and enthrone the Pope in the White House.

But if according to Methodist theology religion is something that can be "applied," why not "apply" it to Methodist pulpits?

We would venture to say that dearth of religion in many Methodist pulpits today, if not the entire absence of it from them, makes the most mournful anomaly of our times: equalled only by the absurdity of "applying" to spheres of life something which in its own home is starved to death.

China's Plea for Help

GRADUALLY the American people are waking up to the harrowing famine that is confronting the Chinese people—regarded by many as the most terrible of recent famines in a country where famine is a more or less frequently recurring curse. Whatever may be our feelings to the Chinese on account of the military strife that seems to blast their peace and prosperity, we cannot be indifferent to their appeal to our humanity when they have reached a state in which millions of them are on the verge of actual starvation. According to the latest survey there are today approximately twenty millions actually facing starvation. Undoubtedly many of these poor people will die before relief can reach them. But, according to the findings of the American Committee on Chinese Relief, at least four millions can be easily reached and saved at the small cost of about "a dollar a person." We are happy to learn that the American public is now making a needed response to the last-minute appeal of the Committee.

The letter of Monsignor Dominic Langenbacher, C.P., on the second page of this issue gives a brief summary of conditions in the Passionist mission district in Hunan, China. THE SIGN will immediately forward to him any donations sent us by our readers. As the need is urgent an immediate response will be greatly appreciated.

Categorica: *On Things in General ana Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation*

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

OUR selections for Categorica this month (by the way *Categorica* means "Things in General"), are taken from a book just out. It is "Fiery Grains" with the sub-head "Thoughts and Sayings for Some Occasions put together by H. R. L. Sheppard and H. P. Marshall." It is published by Longman's, Green and Co., New York, and sells for \$1.50. It is worthy of a place on the library table.

COURTESY

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Of Courtesy, it is much less
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,
Yet in my Walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.

On Monks I did in Storrington fall,
They took me straight into their Hall;
I saw Three Pictures on a wall,
And Courtesy was in them all.

The first the Annunciation;
The second the Visitation;
The third the Consolation,
Of God that was Our Lady's Son.

The first was of Saint Gabriel;
On Wings a-flame from Heaven he fell;
And as he went upon one knee
Hé shone with Heavenly Courtesy.

Our Lady out of Nazareth rode—
It was Her month of heavy load;
Yet was Her face both great and kind,
For Courtesy was in Her mind.

The third it was our Little Lord,
When all the Kings in arms adored;
He was so small you could not see
His large intent of Courtesy.

Our Lord, that was Our Lady's Son,
God bless you, People, one by one;
My Rhyme is written, my work is done.

AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

By D. B. WYNTHAM LEWIS

In the house, overlooking the Seine, where Voltaire died—it is now a restaurant as to the ground floor, like Burke's house in Gerrard Street—in this house I met a melancholy man. . . . I asked this man what irked him. He said (with a groan) that he had been at a studio party in the Quarter the night before and had lost his guitar. He said he could not go home without his guitar. He said he had also fallen downstairs in the early morning. He said love was a lie, and that the world was full of ugly faces which gave him a pain in the neck, and that he had lost his guitar. He had also (he added) fallen downstairs in the early morning. With that he became as mute as a haddock and relapsed into brooding; and I respected his grief and left him. . . .

HOWLING HALLELUJAH

By W. C. BRAUN

The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the darkest place or in the amen corner, nor the cornfield, but by his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask and you may learn whether he is an imp or an angel, cur or king, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him: whether it crowns him boss or pelts him with bad eggs. I care not a copper what his reputation or religion may be: if his babies dread his home-coming and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five-dollar bill, he is a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morning until he is black in the face and howls hallelujah until he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front door to meet him and love's sunshine illuminates the face of his wife every time she hears his footfall, you can take it for granted that he is pure, for his home is a Heaven—and the humbug never gets that near the great white throne of God. He may be a rank atheist and red-flag anarchist, a Mormon and a mugwump; he may buy votes in blocks of five, and bet on the elections; he may deal 'em from the bottom of the deck and drink beer until he can't tell a silver dollar from a circular saw, and still be an infinitely better man than the cowardly little humbug who is all suavity in society but who makes home a hell, who vents upon the helpless heads of his wife and children an ill nature he would inflict on his fellow men but dares not. I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child.

GOOD FOR THE BAULK!

By D. B. WYNTHAM LEWIS

A bull finding a Lion-cub asleep seized the Opportunity to gore it to Death; on which the Lioness, coming up, began to Lament Bitterly the Decease of her Offspring. A Hunter seeing her Distress stood a Little Way off and said to her, "Think how Many there are who have Reason to Lament the Loss of their Offspring, whose Deaths, have been caused by You!"

As he spoke Thus, a Large Baulk of Wood fell from a Tree and Completely Annihilated him.

Moral.—The Sudden End of a Prig is Always Attractive.

THE COMICAL ONES

By F. W. HARVEY

When God had finished the stars and whirl of colored suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones;
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men

Should stiffen and become

Dull, humorless and glum,

And so forgetful of their Maker be

As to take even themselves—quite seriously.

Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns:

All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones!

And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit

Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it.

And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came out of its bill!

PHEW!

I wisht I was a little rock
A-settin' on a hill;
A-doin' nothing all day long
But just a-settin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash.
I'd set and set a thousand years,
And rest myself, by Gosh!

—ANON.

JOHN AND REBECCA

By W. H. HUDSON

Then I went over to the stone she had pointed to and read the inscription to John Toomer and his wife Rebecca. She died first, in March 1877, aged 72; he in July the same year, aged 75.

"You knew them, I suppose?"

"Yes, they belonged here, both of them."

"Tell me about them."

"There's nothing to tell; he was only a laborer and worked on the same farm all his life."

"Who put a stone over them—their children?"

"No, they're all poor and live away. I think it was a lady who lived here; she'd been good to them, and she came and stood here when they put old John in the ground."

"But I want to hear more."

"There's no more, I've said; he was a laborer, and after she died he died."

"Yes? Go on."

"How can I go on? There's no more. I knew them so well; they lived in the little thatched cottage over there, where the Millards live now."

"Did they fall ill at the same time?"

"Oh no, he was as well as could be, still at work, till she died, then he went on in a strange way. He would come in on an evening and call his wife. 'Mother! Mother! where are you?' you'd hear him call. 'Mother, be you upstairs? Mother, ain't you coming down for a bit of bread and cheese before you go to bed?' And then in a little while he just died."

"And you said there was nothing to tell!"

"No, there wasn't anything. He was just one of us, a laborer on the farm."

PHILOSOPHY

By CHARLES DICKENS

"You are quite a philosopher, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It runs in the family, I b'lieve, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"My father's very much in that line, now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies in a passion, and breaks his pipe; he steps out and gets another. Then she screams very loud, and falls into 'sterics: and he smokes very comfortably 'til she comes to again. That's philosophy, sir, ain't it?"

BE OF GOOD CHEER

By L. P. LACKS

Nowhere else is the genius of the Christian religion more poignantly revealed than in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, which begins in the minor key and gradually rises to the major, until it culminates in a great merry-making to the surprise of the Elder Son, who thinks the majesty of the moral law will be compromised by the music and the dancing, and has to be reminded that these joyous sounds are the keynotes of the Spiritual World.

SO BORING

By H. R. L. SHEPPARD

I traveled the other day with a young Naval officer—a charming youngster. He said "bloody" fifty times in seven minutes, because after getting a little tired of the word I timed him. I said to him, "Do you know you have said 'bloody' fifty times in seven minutes? It is not that I am shocked, only that I am terribly bored." He said, "My God, have I?" I think he is now rationing his "bloodies."

ME

By WALTER DE LA MARE

My dear Daddie bought a mansion
For to bring my Mammie to,
In a hat with a long feather,
And a trailing gown of blue;
And a company of fiddlers
And a rout of maids and men
Danced the clock round to the morning,
In a gay house-warming then.
And when all the guests were gone, and
All was still as still can be,
In from the ivy hopped a
Wee small bird: and that was Me.

THAT OVERDRAFT

By CHARLES DICKENS

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of Day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and in short you are for ever floored. . . . As I am!"

To make his example the more impressive, Mr. Micawber drank a glass of punch with an air of great enjoyment and satisfaction, and whistled the College Hornpipe.

SAFETY FIRST

By MARY CHOLMONDELEY

Every year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence that will risk nothing, and which, shirking pain, misses happiness as well. No one ever yet was the poorer in the long run for having once in a lifetime "let out all the length of all the reins."

BONING JONES

Here lies the body of William Jones,
Who all his life collected bones,
Till Death, that grim and boney spectre,
That universal bone collector,
Boned old Jones, so neat and tidy,
And here he lies, all *bona fide*.—ANON.

EXACTLY!

By SAMUEL BUTLER

There are two great rules of life, the one general and the other particular. The first is that every one can, in the end, get what he wants if he only tries. This is the general rule. The particular rule is that every individual is, more or less, an exception to the rule.

A WOMAN

By H. R. L. SHEPPARD

Why is it that women suffer so much more than men? Is it that we men have not enough native courage to stand the strain? Which of us would have babies if we had to endure what women endure? If a man is sometimes damned by his women folk, he is more often saved by them. I doubt if there is salvation for us men save that God enables women to work miracles upon us. I wish we respected them more; I wish we could be less liable through our clumsiness to tread the romance out of their hearts; I wish, since we cannot bear their suffering with them, that we could see it, and kneel more evidently at the feet of the woman who is saving us.

One thing at least we can do. We can remember when we come back from our day of busyness in work-shop or office that her day's work minding our little home has been infinitely harder than our day. She never leaves her shop and never shuts the front-door on her cares. A man who grouses because the chop is underdone is not fit to have a wife.

THE FACT OF CHRIST

By JOHN STUART MILL

Whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left; a unique figure, not more unlike all His precursors than all His followers, even those who had the direct benefit of His teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ as exhibited in the Gospels is not historical, and that we know not how much of what is admirable has been super-added by the tradition of His followers. The tradition of followers suffices to insert any number of marvels, and may have inserted all the miracles which He is reputed to have wrought. But who among His followers, or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imaging the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee: as certainly not St. Paul, whose character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort: still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived, as they always professed that it was derived, from the higher source.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

By E. E. SOMERVILLE

It may or may not be agreeable to have attained the age of 38, but judging from old photographs, the privilege of being 19 has also its drawbacks. I turned over page after page of the ancient book in which were enshrined portraits of the friends of my youth, singly, in David and Jonathan couples, and in groups in which I, as it seemed to my mature and possibly jaundiced perception, always contrived to look the most immeasurable young boulder of the lot. Our faces were fat, and yet I cannot remember ever having been considered fat in my life; we indulged in low-necked shirts, in "jemima" ties with diagonal stripes; we wore coats that seemed three sizes too small, and trousers that were three sizes too big; we also wore small whiskers.

SILVER LINING

By MARY CHOLMONDELEY

Sorrow with his pick mines the heart; but he is a cunning workman. He deepens the channels whereby happiness may enter, and hollows out new chambers for joy to abide in, when he is gone.

"O WORLD, THOU CHOOSEST NOT"

By GEORGE SANTAYANA

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

BE AN ANGEL!

By STEPHEN PAGET

Fools, says Pope, rush in where angels fear to tread: but I am sure that angels rush in where fools fear to tread. There are many fools who are afraid of treading anywhere. But angels rush in, without fear, everywhere: and, the more fearsome a place looks, the more haste they make to tread it. They leave the fool outside, shuffling with embarrassment, self-conscious, half-hearted, wondering if and whether, and letting I dare not wait upon I would. For instance, when the people next door lost their only child, there was a fool who left his card, because he was afraid to go in: but there was an angel who rushed in, and broke down, and cried, so that the other two found their tears; and it was time they did, or one of them would have gone out of her mind.

WOT'CHER!

By W. L. GEORGE

"What I say is, life ain't all you want, but it's all you 'ave; so 'ave it; stick a geranium in yer 'at, an' be 'appy."

A HUNDRED YEARS OLD

By GEORGE BORROW

Ah!—there is nothing like youth—not that old age is valueless. Even in extreme old age one may get on very well, provided we will but accept of the bounties of God. I met the other day an old man, who asked me to drink. "I am not thirsty," said I, "and will not drink with you." "Yes, you will," said the old man, "for I am this day one hundred years old, and you will never again have an opportunity of drinking the health of a man on his hundredth birthday." So I broke my word, and drank. "Yours is a wonderful age," said I. "It is a long time to look back to the beginning of it," said the old man; "yet, upon the whole, I am not sorry to have lived it all." "How have you passed your time?" said I. "As well as I could," said the old man: "always enjoying a good thing when it came honestly within my reach; but not forgetting to praise God for putting it there." "I suppose you were fond of a glass of good ale when you were young?" "Yes," said the old man, "I was; and so, thank God, I am still," and he drank off a glass of ale.

UNREPENTENT

By H. R. L. SHEPPARD

Of all the things I dislike, there is nothing so abhorrent to me as a spoilt child. I have pinched several, and never had the slightest qualm of conscience afterwards; and though I am a man of peace, I hope to pinch many more before I die.

Catholic Lay Action

IN A SITUATION THAT CRIES FOR ORGANIZATION AND LEADERSHIP

THE great American public is interested in religion. This statement may seem to be at once paradoxical and rash, but most people conversant with the times will agree. True we have the night clubs in every large city, the excesses of modern youth (genuine and rejuvenated), the Broadway stage, the decline of literary standards, and the ubiquitous speakeasy. These, however, can hardly be taken as a criterion. Only a few shallow thinkers regard these as the perfect mirror of American life—the same persons who look upon the tabloids as representative of American culture.

After all, aren't the common people, the best indicator of the pulse of the nation, religious or otherwise? Aren't Babbitt and the denizens of Main Street the surest signs for pointing out the trend of the times? And it is precisely Mr. Babbitt and his neighbors who are showing such a vital interest in religion today.

There are indeed manifold and evident signs of a stirring of religious longings and sentiments in America; signs that are everywhere manifest. A certain author in an article published in a well-known Catholic magazine, seems to have hit the nail on the head rather forcibly when he says:

"... religious interest is widespread in this Godless age. Neither Teapot Dome in all its glory nor the aluminum affair could hope to vie with the Modernist-Fundamentalist row. The mere dismissal of Dr. Fosdick from a Fifth Avenue pulpit not only occupied headlines in all the metropolitan dailies, but reached the readers of the small town papers and country weeklies in every state in the Union. Heywood Broun is authority for the statement that it would take a deal of drag to crowd out Bishop Manning's utterances from the front pages.

"Many of the better grade magazines and periodicals," continues this same author, "run religious articles from time to time, while some have regular departments given over to this one subject. Any well written article on religion stands a very good chance of acceptance at the editorial desk.

By MICHAEL BOYLE STUART

As for books, their sale is beyond belief. Sermons, apologetics, devotional treatises, Bible, prayer books, and even theologies go to make up the huge mass of eagerly devoured printed matter. That Papini's *Life of Christ* was for several seasons one of the best sellers tells an eloquent story. America is interested in religion. There is no doubt about it."

To the foregoing convincing summary one might add an account of the hubub created during the recent Presidential campaign, with its hue and cry about religious tolerance; or the nationwide interest and excitement which such a one as the lady of Los Angeles arouses by her antics and utterances.

As for best sellers, there are *Christ and the Bible*, the *Man and the Book* whom nobody knew of until discovered by one Bruce Barton, the re-write man, who so magnanimously told the world of his "finds" in his two money-making volumes. Similar Lewis took religion as the motif of his recent novel, *"Elmer Gantry."* This book too, was a best seller, and since its huge sale the number of novels with a religious theme or touch has greatly increased. Fanny Hurst, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Willa Cather are a few of the better known novelists who have given us romances with a rather dominant religious tone.

Mr. Emil Ludwig's *"The Son of Man"* has recently climbed to the ranks of those mythical *"Ten Books Most In Demand."* And in the midst of a theatrical season than which few have been more unsuccessful and replete with failures, Miss Ethel Barrymore dared to put on a play of an unmistakably religious nature, with the result that *"The Kingdom of God"* is one of the high lights of the current season.

WITNESS the astounding popularity enjoyed by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, radio preacher. Thousands throughout the continent listen in regularly on his discourses. Moreover, his questions and answers are syndicated in hundreds of news-

papers, and thus we have our first "religious" columnist. In how many homes on Sunday afternoons and evenings do we not find families (oftener than not, families that do not attend any church) grouped around their radios listening to a sermon broadcasted from some great city church? By means of the radio religion is brought to and sought by people in the remotest sections of the country.

MONDAY morning when taking up the newspaper one finds interspersed among the news items, or even given an entire page, excerpts and catchphrases from the sermons of the preceding day. People read these with avidity and discuss them at length. Lent comes, and scores of churches conduct daily noonday services. Churches that are closed every day except Sundays throughout the remainder of the year, by popular demand throw open their doors for this period of forty days of intense religion. Not only the churches, mark you, but there is the annual series of noonday services in theaters.

What man is there who gets greater publicity than John Roach Straton? This pulpiteer need but raise his voice against a prevailing vice, denounce the reigning political party or the Pope in Rome, and the reporters are at his door stoop begging for a statement. Religious copy sells. Nothing creates public interest quicker than the new or bizarre in things religious. Few questions are discussed with such earnestness and frequency as are fundamental religious issues. Few organizations possess the amount of political power that the Methodist Church of the United States enjoys in Washington.

But recently, Mr. John McE. Bowman opened a "Meditation Chapel" in the Hotel Biltmore in New York, where its patrons might retire for rest and prayer. This chapel will have cushioned pews, an altar supplied with fresh flowers daily, and be far removed from the roar and bustle of the world. Soon this enterprising hotel magnate hopes to have one such chapel in each of his various hotels.

At the present writing there are two skyscraper churches in process of construction in New York City, one of them to cost over four million dollars. Thus, towering aloft, and visible for miles around, will be the Sign of our common hope—the Cross. Interest in religion has necessitated this; the religious interest of the great American public.

WHY this widespread popular demand for religion?

In a great measure, perhaps, the Great War with its subsequent and present period of reconstruction has been responsible. The grave, inescapable moral and economic problems and conditions that confront the whole nation today have made most men and women serious. The result has been a recrudescence of religiosity. To be sure there has been the usual accompanying post-bellum hysteria resulting in high prices and high living, and in which sinners have only become more wicked and less shamefaced, but on the whole, the tendency has been towards a growing respect for and interest in religion.

Then there is what might aptly be termed the cultural complex among the masses. There seems to be a sort of universal penchant for education. Everybody wants to join the "intelligentsia." Persons that, in many cases, scarcely went beyond the grammar school buy Dr. Durant or Dr. Dorsey or H. G. Wells and propose to swallow all systems of Philosophy, all religious and ethical teachings, or all history at one gulp. And so it goes. Sherwood Anderson, writing in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, puts it very pointedly: "We are faced with a queer situation. America seems to be on a cultural jag. We are suddenly, and as a people, terribly intent on getting culture and getting it now." With this sudden desire for learning or culture or whatever it is, religion must of necessity be a concomitant, treating as it does those questions most important and most persistent in the human mind and heart—moralities, future life, social conduct, etc.

Finally, numerous men and women whom the nation looks up to as great personalities have asserted the positive "need" of religion today in all walks of life. Especially, however, have these prominent persons declared themselves heartily in favor of instilling religion into the minds of the

growing generation.

The great American public is interested in religion today.

When speaking of religion in America one generally means Protestantism, or rather, more precisely, every Christian creed or sect in the country exclusive of Catholicism. For, what most writers mean when they refer to the "Church," is the numerous non-Catholic body of the nation. Which fact leads to the question: Granted that the bulk of the American people are interested in religion today, and that they are "getting religion" in various forms from the radio preacher to the Bowery Midnight Mission, where is it all leading them? The answer is as simple as it is startling: Many led by their Elmer Gantrys and Aimee Semple MacPhersons are rushing headlong into voodooism and high tension Evangelism; others, and it would seem, large numbers, are turning towards Catholicism — towards Rome!

Never before in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States has there been so much interest shown in the Catholic Church and Catholic teachings and practices. Of course, the spectre of bigotry and narrow mindedness still stalks amongst us. In the main, however, many Americans are well disposed toward Catholicism. Outbreaks of bigotry serve rather to strengthen our position, as was clearly evidenced in the recent Presidential campaign. Intense hostility today is due either to the efforts of professional bigots or is the result of gross ignorance.

Consider for a little the "extent to which Protestantism . . . has succumbed to the temptations of Rome."

On the table before me as I write lies a copy of the eminent and steeped-in-tradition Boston *Evening Transcript* for Wednesday of Holy Week. The open page is headed HOLY WEEK. Here are a few of the more important captions:

TENEBRAE TO BE SUNG AT CHURCH OF ADVENT

Adaptation of Ancient Office to
Anglican Use. Will be Sung
by the Choir

Then follows a brief explanation of the ceremonies and symbolism of the Tenebrae by the rector, Dr. Harman Van Allen, which reads suspiciously like the description of the same service as found in Dr. Adrian Fortes-

cue's excellent little Holy Week Book.

Here is another:

THREE HOUR SERVICE AT CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH

Rev. Malcolm Taylor, Provincial
Secretary of the Diocese of Mass.,
Will Deliver Seven Addresses Sym-
bolizing the Seven Last Words

Still another:

ALTAR SERVICE TO PRECEDE THREE HOUR DEVOTION

Rev. A. C. Wilson, S.T.D., Con-
ducts the Good Friday Services
In This Church

And:

KING'S CHAPEL CHOIR TO CHANT ST. MATHEW'S PASSION

HERE is proof of the popular penchant for Catholicism. For the man with the sense of humor there is food here for laughter. Over four hundred years ago they threw off the "tyrannous yoke of Rome" with breaking up of processions, hurling of missiles through stained glass windows, overturning of altars, manuscript bonfires, hanging and disemboweling of priests, and anything else that might express the general view. Today they have executed a neat about face, and "with slowly accelerating speed begun the march to Rome."

Gilbert K. Chesterton in a recent book, "The Catholic Church and Conversion," his contribution says something about the worthy merchant of the middle class and the worthy farmer from the Middle West who, when they send their sons and daughters to college or the university, have a faint feeling of alarm lest they should fall among Catholics.

Certainly old John Calvin must turn in his grave when he sees the Crucifix exposed publicly in his churches on Good Friday. And how it must disturb his slumber of death when he beholds one of his ministers parading down the aisle to the pulpit in surplice and stole, or when he hears the fully vested parish choir render *Palestrina* or a bit of Plain Chant.

One shudders to think of the remarks that must have fallen from the lips of those hardy Vermont farmers when they read the Associated Press despatch describing the crib which was erected in the Blue Room of the White House during the Christmas season. Such Romish folderdols in

the Presidential mansion! About this same time several of our most widely circulated magazines carried pictures of the Madonna and Child. One even went so far as to entitle a story "The Mother of God, The Woman who gave Christmas to the World." The rather rejuvenated *Atlantic* did not hesitate to publish an article setting forth the reasonableness of belief in Purgatory and prayers for the departed.

IT WAS with alacrity that Protestants all over the country adopted the newest feast of the Roman Catholic Church calendar—the feast of Christ the King. Several Protestant bishops drew up "pastorals" and "encyclicals" urging their flocks to celebrate this beautiful and significant feast. How many Protestant ministers there are who take a secret and unholy delight in wearing a "Roman" collar.

It was not so long ago that Dr. Fosdick declared himself in favor of that hopeless Roman institution, the Confessional. The president of a Pennsylvania theological seminary, a short time after, wanted his sect to adopt the Rosary, and at a convention of churchmen in New York last year, several of the attending ministers spoke in favor of such unheard of things as novenas and statues of the saints.

Mr. Gilbert Seldes in the December issue of *The Bookman* speculates on the "reasons for the decline and degradation of Dogmatic Christianity (apart from Catholicism) in this country." The Reverend Herbert Parrish, a non-Catholic clergyman, whose "The Breakup of Protestantism" in the *Atlantic* resulted in a veritable furore among his co-religionists, now, in another article urges the imitation of Catholic devotions and methods, and asserts, "Rome advances by ceaseless affirmation."

To many the foregoing may seem but empty attraction to ritual and pomp, mere externalism. That is not the case, although even if it were, certainly it would presage much good. No, most emphatically, it is not so. It is not merely to Catholic ritual and ceremony that so many non-Catholics find themselves attracted. They are investigating the claims of the Church, reading her polemical literature, studying her doctrines, and asking questions of themselves and others. Neither is this done in a

spirit of contempt, idle curiosity, or prejudice, but rather in a spirit of earnest enquiry. To them the Church has been misrepresented and caricatured. They now want the truth.

A member of the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston after having addressed the congregation of a large Protestant church on the fundamentals of the Catholic religion, writes: "The people listened to my simple words (mostly taken from the penny catechism) as I have hardly ever known an audience to listen. One could almost feel them listening. Nearly everyone came up to speak with me at the conclusion of the lecture, and many pressed my hand with deep emotion. There was none of the forced enthusiasm of the 'revival meeting,' but a genuine outburst of applause followed my closing sentences, that in the words of the Pope 'The work of the Catholic Church embraces the whole human race.'"

Such is the trend of the times. Such the position of the Catholic Church in America today; such the feeling manifested by many non-Catholics. The Catholic Church in the United States is entering upon a new era, whose dawning presages great things. Those who read the signs of the times can distinguish the first faint rays of the sun of that Golden Day of which Isaac Hecker dreamed and for which he worked and prayed so long—the day when America would be won over to the Catholic Faith.

Large numbers of non-Catholics stand at the cross roads perplexed. Who shall show these people the right way? Who shall teach them the Truth? Who shall lead them on to eternal life? Certainly none but that Church whose divine Founder said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

In particular, however, this is to be the noble work of our American Catholic laity. As Father Gillis of the *Catholic World*, remarked: "The real workers must be our lay Catholics. America will not be converted until our lay Catholics take up the work." Today is undeniably the era of the layman.

And how much have our layfolk done? The answer comes in a kind of jeremiad—so much less than they might have. How few realize the obligations and opportunities that are theirs as members of the Church. Dr. John A. Ryan made the startling

statement that "The 2,000,000 Catholics of England wield a far greater influence in their country than 20,000,000 fellow Catholics do in the United States." Where does the difference lie? In the aggressiveness and zeal of the laity.

As a whole we American Catholic men and women have been woefully inactive. Especially have we been unproductive of great leaders. The rôles played by Henri Massis and Jacques Maritain in France, and Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton in England, find no American counterparts. So many of our people feel that religion and things religious are like band music—suited to occasions of an extraordinary nature, but ill-fitted for everyday life and conversation. There are indeed some signs that certain zealous and unashamed Catholics are endeavoring to rouse our latent laity to a realization of the richness of Catholic tradition and the necessity of being up and doing. Proper support, however, is plainly lacking.

Where is the American Catholic laymen who, should the opportunity present itself, would be brave enough to emulate the stout-hearted Catholicism of Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, that brilliant author of "François Villon," the choice of the Literary Guild for October. This young Englishman conducts a column in the London *Daily Mail*. Into this column whenever opportunity permits (and this would seem to be the case almost daily) he injects bits of Catholicism. He gives, as it were, the Catholic "slant" on events and things.

Do I hear the traditional cry about mixing religion with business and everyday affairs? Yet, we are no whit surprised when Brisbane fills half his column with his views on the existence of God or the immortality of the soul. We remain unamazed and marvel not when Heywood Broun writes, in his dogmatic way, on free love and matrimony, or when Christopher Morley treats of religion. Perhaps the best arguments in favor of Mr. Lewis are the fact that the owners of the *Daily Mail* keep him on the payroll and the fact that the English newspaper reading public clamor for more of him.

Oftener than not it happens that when the average layman is involved in an argument or discussion of religion he is silent, not because he is ignorant or unable to answer, but be-

cause of that mysterious retardation which seems to affect so many American Catholics. As Admiral Benson so well says, "We Catholics shut ourselves up in ourselves."

NOTHING is more illogical and un-Catholic than this lay indifference. Nothing is more contradictory than the weak-kneed, non-militant type Catholic. Not that we should go about with the proverbial chip on the shoulder, seeking religious disputes, antagonizing others, and intruding when and where not wanted. Such methods will never succeed. But only let the Catholic layman cease to consider Catholicism in the narrow sphere of individuality, and develop more the sense and spirit of social and religious responsibility. Let him rid himself of this apathy which seizes him; this religious inferiority complex which holds him bound and hampers him.

The present pontiff, Pope Pius XI, has sounded the keynote; he has given us laymen our battle cry, in his recently coined slogan — "Catholic Action." The words unfold to us the vista of an immense opportunity. The very utterance of the syllables strikes a dominant and responsive chord in the American character, *Action!*

The apostolic spirit must be buried deep in the heart of the American layman. He must set himself with all earnestness and good will to the task that is before him. But our forces must be organized. Lack of united action has been the trouble all along. As Dr. Austin O'Malley justly remarks, "In faith we Catholics are one. In everything else there's as much unity among us as there is in a boiler explosion." Catholic Action means for us simply an organized effort on the part of the American Catholic laity to place before their non-Catholic compatriots the claims of the Catholic Church. This can be accomplished both by word and by example.

We hear the power of good example stressed so often that the expression becomes hackneyed, and we too often are prone to underestimate its true worth. Yet, good example remains one of the most effective means at our disposal. It is in Catholic Action in word, however, that the great opportunity of the present day lies. New discoveries, new fashions, and changed conditions have made this possible; nay more, they have

made it necessary. The radio, the press, the pulpit, the classroom, and lastly, that excellent and effective method of Catholic Action which comes to us from across the sea—street preaching.

The Catholic press of the nation is doing good work, but is hindered not a little by lack of support. In the realm of the radio better results have been obtained. Here in the East we have the radio station of the Paulist Fathers. As to the great good it has done, is doing, and will yet do, who shall say? For when one considers the thousands who night after night listen in on the messages of Catholic truth broadcast from this station, one is overwhelmed with encouragement and inspiration.

And now, just a few words on street speaking, on Catholic street corner apologists, thereby drawing a hornets' nest about one's ears. It's coming. Street speaking, teaching Catholicism in the parks and public places—how absurd, so degrading! Has it then, come to this, that we must now perforce, disturb the dignity and serenity of the Catholic pulpit and drag it to the level of street corner evangelism? Yes, so it seems. Catholic England has proved to us that the idea of street preaching (for want of a better expression we term it street preaching although in reality it is rather teaching and lecturing) is not so far fetched, after all. The flourishing condition of the various Catholic Evidence Guilds which perform this work in England, Holland, and Australia are vitally demonstrative of the practicability of the idea.

Perhaps the greatest objection is that the American people are not prepared for this type of teaching. That is a false and wholly gratuitous assumption. Mr. David Goldstein, one of the founders of the Catholic Truth Guild, asserted that when he drives his auto van up the Mall on Boston Common and begins to speak, nearly all the other speakers are left to shout at mere handfuls of listeners, while he can stand before an audience of sometimes as many as five hundred people eager to learn more about the Catholic Church.

Thousands of office workers and denizens of downtown New York are familiar with the sight of the popular preacher who holds forth each day at Wall Street. He never fails to draw a sizeable audience which listens to his words with attention. Yet he has nothing par-

ticularly informative to say.

Now the Catholic Guild lecturer need not beat the air, nor prate about the evils of the day, nor yet, turn evangelist and shout loudly over current immoralities and the wickedness of those in high places. He has something to give his audiences—the substance of Catholic Truth.

Philosophers tell us of what they call the *argumentum ad hominem*. Few men can resist this method of dialectic as used by the orator. A man may read page after page of ineluctable facts and yet remain unconvinced; he may study a cause for months on end and finally go over to the other side. Appeal, however, to his intellect, to his will, to his imagination by means of the spoken word and he will invariably waver and in the end pledge allegiance to your cause.

Who, better than the politician, knows the secret of winning a man's support and devotion? And what means does he employ to attain his end? The open air rally, the caucus, and the street corner meeting. In all ages and in all nations it has been the orator who has held sway over the hearts and loyalties of men.

OUR Lord Himself used the spoken word as the sole means of propagating His doctrines. The Gospels inform us that Christ wrote but once, and then upon sand. But He did go about teaching and preaching, in the synagogues, by the shores of Tiberias, and on the mountain side.

Moreover, it was to the man in the street that Our Lord went, and His great apostle Paul followed the example of the Master. He set up his pulpit in the lecture room of the philosopher Tyrannus and in the house of Titus Justus. At Philippi he wandered out by the city gate; where, finding a group of Philippians by the river bank, he began to instruct them. His pulpit was wherever he happened to be—in the market place, in prison, aboard ship, on the Hill of Mars, before the tribunal, or in the courts of governors and kings. Another great apostle of the people, hundreds of years later, was wont to go about the market place ringing a hand bell to attract a crowd to whom he would speak.

Today, more than ever, we need apostles for the man in the street. Like many another great movement, the Catholic Evidence Guild idea awaits leaders and volunteers.

"Yours Unbelievably"

SINGLE. PRIVATE MEANS—NIL. RELIGION—NIL

"**M**AGDA VON BRAUNITZ, age twenty-six, qualifications—high school, profession—artist, faculty of history, specialty—sculpture and painting. Single. Private means—nil. Religion—nil. Applied for admission to the university September 16, 1920. Passed entrance examinations in October."

Leaning over the clerk's table in the college chancery, I read this curiously detailed entry.

"Private means and religion—nil," I repeated. "Why did she want to have that put down? Who bothers about one's religion, anyway?"

The severely spectacled clerk shrugged.

"Sure, I can't tell you. Ever seen the girl? No! Well—you might, some day. She told me she liked to dabble in archeology. I can't quite fathom her, though," she added reflectively. "Isn't the usual brazen kind, you know. And yet, here—look at this." She fumbled in among the papers on her littered desk and produced an untidily scribbled note. "See the signature."

"Yours unbelievably," I read aloud. "You seem to know her well."

"Rather!"

I thought rapidly for a moment. The clerk was a Catholic. Wasn't there any chance? I looked at her speculatively.

"I know what you're thinking of," she smiled. "No, my dear, Magda von Braunitz will need a more tactful missionary than I could ever be. I can't probe her. Well, you'll see for yourself, but let me tell you that I doubt if an unhappier girl has ever walked God's earth."

At the very next archeology lecture, I, seated at my desk near the door, scanned the well-filled auditorium. Most faces were familiar, except a few, but none of those quite fitted in with my idea of what a girl like Magda von Braunitz should be. At no great distance from where I was, two girls were bending their heads over notebooks. One—slim, dark, patrician in figure and face—had her profile turned towards me and I could not but be struck by the extraordinary haunting sadness in her

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

big dark gray eyes. The other was not so slight in build, golden-haired, blue-eyed, vivacious in look and gesture. "Sure—the slim girl must be von Braunitz," I decided and waited impatiently for the lecture to end.

"You will see the same reliefs repeated at Lâons," floated the professor's voice, but my thoughts were too far to take in his meaning.

The bell rang. The students scrambled to their feet. I made for the door. Luck fell across my path that way. The chancery clerk was going down the passage. I caught hold of her arm.

"Your unbelieving prodigy is in the hall," I said hurriedly.

"Care to be introduced?"

I nodded, and she stopped outside the auditorium doors. We did not have to wait long. The plump, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl came out and the clerk waved her hand.

"Magda," she shouted above the din of countless voices, "Here's someone I'd like you to meet. Von Braunitz—von Almedingen. You might be kinswomen—for all I know. Now I must be off."

"How do you do?" said a very cold voice and a tiny hand touched my own. "Rather noisy here, isn't it? Isabella mentioned your name to me. Shall we go into the cloisters and find a quiet corner there?"

I just nodded dumbly and followed her. If appearances could ever be deceptive, they were so in this case. Magda von Braunitz would not give anyone an impression of being either unhappy or a revoltée. Her vivacity was somewhat tempered by her frozen manners and her voice, but her Saxon-blue eyes looked serenely undisturbed, her perfectly curved mouth could and did smile, occasionally.

"I feel rather out of my element here," she dropped, when we did find a quiet niche at last. "Isabella may have told you."

"Yes, you are an artist."

"Trying to be one," she interrupted. "There is so much to learn and so

little time. And so many people trying to know you when you don't want to know them in the least."

"Oh . . ." I began, but she got my meaning before I said another word.

"I don't count you. I mean people not of one's world and all the rest of it."

"Don't you find it difficult to live here—in Petrograd?" I asked.

"Some things are best left alone," she said coldly and started discussing our archeology program.

* * * * *

"Isabella," I said to the little clerk a few hours later, "Your 'prodigy' is an iceberg—encased in a sheath of pride. Her 'unbelief' is just a pose."

"Has it ever occurred to you that people who've suffered too much can't afford to discard poses?" she asked. "I can tell you facts about von Braunitz, though I know little about the underlying things."

Magda came from the Baltic provinces and during the Civil War her old home was harried.

"How would you shape your own life if you had seen your father and mother shot under your very eyes?" asked Isabella. "And Magda was engaged. My dear, that man died a death which made it impossible for anyone to tell her a single detail about it. But she found it out herself. . . . And so far as I know—this lies at the root of her—well, call it 'atheism' if you like."

"How did he die?"

ISABELLA was silent for a moment. I almost thought she was not going to tell me.

"My dear," quite obviously she hesitated, "I do so want you two to be friends, but you must—you will have to be merciful—to Magda. There are things she simply can't see. And you have that huge crucifix hanging in your study. Dear, can you promise me that whenever she comes to see you, you—you will have the crucifix put away or have it veiled, or something. It will be an act of mercy to her."

One had got more or less immune to shocks in Petrograd after 1917. Human life was held cheap and hor-

rors lost something of their meaning because of their very frequency. One had heard so many things one refused to believe in. But this was a little too much and my lips shook.

"Are — you — sure? I mean, it might have been a rumor."

"It was not! My dear, Magda's fiancé was not the only one either. Their story is yet to be written."

And we were silent for a moment.

"You called her an iceberg sheathed in pride. I daresay she's proud. And I suppose she must be an iceberg to have endured all that, but you understand . . ."

"Yours unbelievably," I echoed reminiscently. "But, Isabella, surely — if anything — this — ought to have . . ."

"Brought her back to the Faith," finished the other. "Yes—she was a Catholic once. And I hope that some day a miracle will come. But now, I know that whenever she should see a crucifix she sees another's body on it. Christ the Crucified spells terror to her. Nobody knows—after all—God's grace pulled her through, made her keep her reason—why not hope that God's grace will go on helping her."

FROM that day, I made a resolution to see as much of Magda von Braunitz as I possibly could. I discovered that her story was unknown at the university, that most of the students resented her chilliness and left her to drift on for herself, that my obvious efforts to spend time in her company were met with bantering and with not always good-natured criticism.

"Give up trying to make friends with that Baltic iceberg," I was counselled. "She hasn't got an idea of what friendship means! And so beastly proud!"

I just shrugged in reply and let them talk on.

Magda, meanwhile, responded very slowly and gradually. Once or twice she asked me to come to her improvised "studio," showed me her unfinished sketches and we discussed Leonardo and Kranach over strawberry-leaves tea and baked potatoes. She knew her history of art and talked well. Her voice would shed its frozenness as she talked. But things personal we never touched and I often wondered whether she knew that I knew.

I began to get hold of the deep things in her even though she never

proffered a single opportunity for me to probe her so. Curiously enough, the "I" seemed absent even when she referred to her work and her studies. A casual observer would have gauged this reticence as an outcome of her ancestral background; yet, vulgarly speaking, Magda von Braunitz was the last person in the world to be labelled a snob.

One could see that cowardice, however veneered, lay at the bottom of her efforts to keep aloof from everybody, fear lest they learn her story and suggest sympathy which might wound and maim. And, after all, it was her fear of memories that drove her away from the Church, that made her turn her back on things and associations which, all too easily, might have worked havoc with her endurance, at least—so she thought.

So week by week, month by month, we would foregather for conversation, more or less desultory and purely academical discussion. I could see there was enough sincerity in her, but very little genuine strength. And nothing happened—until—one Sunday, when I suggested the Hermitage Picture Gallery and she drew back, something like sheer terror in her usually calm blue eyes.

"I'm afraid such places are not for me," she excused herself curtly.

I ought to have remembered about the famous specimens of religious art about at the Hermitage. I wondered how long she would go on thus hedging her life in, and told Isabella about it.

"I suppose pagans might suggest psycho-analysis," I remarked, "but . . ."

"Psycho-analysis nonsense," interrupted Isabella. "She needs God."

"But one can't even mention these things to her."

"Oh, can't you leave the Almighty some elbow-room to work in? At least, she's made a friend of you. Wait!"

So I waited.

It was weary waiting. Magda seemed immovable, impenetrable. If she had but once alluded to anything, it might have given me some ground to stand on, but she never did. "The Baltic iceberg" would not melt.

Often would she come to me and sit on the sofa in my study, unaware of the meaning and purpose of a heavy red curtain hung across the wall. I had kept my promise to Isabella. And sometimes I wish I had not.

It was autumn and work got heavier and heavier. I would spend hours and hours at the university and seldom got home before nightfall. On one such occasion the friend, who shared the flat with me, hailed me from the kitchen.

"I say, Edith, that Baltic lump of ice called in the afternoon."

I stopped in the hall on my way to the study.

"Did you—did you let her in?"

"Rather—I had to go out—so left her in your study. She'd gone when I came back."

"Thanks, old thing." I never heard my own voice, as I turned the doorhandle and walked into the study.

A quickly lit candle threw the vast shadow of the crucifix across the wall. There it hung—my one and only precious possession, a delicate and exquisite blending of ebony and ivory, precious in workmanship, wondrous in detail, heartbreaking with its regal note of sorrow, appealing, compelling and triumphing—that broken bruised body of the Son of Mary . . .

I looked at it that night as I had never looked at it before. Generations of my people had knelt and prayed and cried before its sorrowing exquisiteness. Men of my name had gone into battles after bending their knees before it; women had murmured their tear-laden *De Profundis* at these carved feet. But somehow, I was not thinking of these things, as I stood and looked at the Figure that night.

I remembered Isabella's words:

"My dear — have mercy on that child! Christ crucified means agony to her. She sees another's form broken, bleeding, stretched on a cross which had once reared its ghastliness into the Baltic skies, a cross she had never seen and which goes on haunting her."

THERE are moments when one knows things without having to guess them. One such moment came to me that night. God had shown mercy to Magda von Braunitz that day—in that room. Somehow, unable to explain it, I just knew it.

And later in the evening Isabella came in.

We looked at each other for a moment. Then she gave me a note to read.

Magda wrote:

(Continued on page 530.)

Edmund Ignatius Rice

FOUNDER OF THE IRISH CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

*"E'en children followed with endearing wile
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed."*

SOMEHOW, as one reads of Edmund Rice, that portrait of the good pastor set down by Oliver Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village" recurs persistently to the mind. For the Founder of the Irish Christian Brothers brought to his chosen work of educating neglected little Irish boys a kindliness that ran to meet every need, whether of body or soul. Which, untrumpeted as it was, was perhaps one of the basic reasons for the success of the educational enterprise which he so gallantly and single-handedly launched in the year 1802.

Never, perhaps, in civilized times was the educational condition of any country in worse case than that of Ireland just then. The Penal Laws with their incitements to apostasy, were still in force, though modified a little, since the success achieved by the American Revolution had somewhat shaken the arrogant self-sufficiency of their administrators.

The schools fostered by Government patronage or private Evangelical zeal were all so many scarcely-veiled proselytizing agencies. For the "uplift" of Irish Catholic childhood there were Erasmus Smith schools, there were Kildare Place Schools, there were Charter Schools—a whole series in fact—all impregnated with the selfsame virus and based on the assumption of Catholic inferiority *per se*. Indeed, as the distinguished English historian Lecky has written, "The alternative offered by law to Catholics was that of absolute and complete ignorance, or of an education directly subversive of their faith."

Ireland rejected that alternative at all costs. Which meant, among other things, a woeful lack of all cultural training for the poor children of the towns and cities. In this the fair City of Waterford was no better off than any of its neighbors, and the hardship this meant to the unhappy parents, cursed or blest with the ardor for

learning inherent in the Celtic breast, may be well imagined.

In the Waterford of that day there was no merchant more respected alike for his Christian character and his business integrity than Edmund Rice. Born near Callan, in the County Kilkenny, in 1762, he had been reared in a home where simple comfort and dignity prevailed, and from the day he first came to Waterford his name had been identified with the city's progress and prosperity.

But he had other ideals than those of a successful business man. His elder brother, John, had in early manhood joined the Augustinian Order, and as his own life advanced, the thought of entering that Order and retiring to Rome took ever stronger hold on Edmund Rice's mind.

BUT a step so decisive was not to be lightly taken; and, praying earnestly for light, he sought too the



MOTHERHOUSE OF THE IRISH CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, MARINO, DUBLIN



REVEREND BROTHER EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE

counsel of some good friends of his, noted in the Waterford of that day for their sincere Catholic spirit. Among these friends was Miss Power, a sister of the Rev. John Power, later Bishop of Waterford. In words, clear and convincing, this lady pointed out to him the deplorable conditions of the poor boys of the city, urging that here at home was most practical field for his efforts. While she was speaking, a group of boys, just such as she had been describing, appeared on the street, beneath her window. Directing Mr. Rice's attention to them, she said (the words have been handed down by Brother Rice's biographers):

"Would it not be far more meritorious work, and far more exalted, to devote your life and your wealth to the instruction of these neglected children in the principles of religion

and secular knowledge, than to bury yourself in some Continental religious house, where you will have no scope for the exercise of active benevolence?"

To one whose own relations with his less fortunate fellow-men were so sympathetic, this counsel recommended itself alike by its practicability and its truth. He had already sold out his business preparatory to entering on a spiritual career. Now, with the funds at his command, he purchased a vacant dwelling-house, so avoiding the delay incidental to the erection of a regular school-building, and here with the approval of the then Bishop of Waterford, Dr. Hussey, he inaugurated his design of free Catholic education.

Soon there were more boys than the building could accommodate, the attendance taxing the utmost efforts

of Edmund Rice and the two young men teachers whom he had hired to assist him. Ill-mannered and neglected as a number of the pupils were when they entered the school, the united benevolence and understanding of the founder soon won them to a better state of feeling and conduct. Friend and instructor in one, he led them along Religion's sacred ways, taught them to prize their Faith by the sacrifices it had cost their forefathers, and grounded them in the essential principles of education.

IN THE meantime he was looking for a suitable site for a school building proper. This he found on the south side of the city. On the completion of the structure he named it Mount Sion, and on the first of May, 1804, the schools were opened with the blessing of Dr. Power, who had succeeded Bishop Hussey, on that prelate's death in July, 1803.

Already in the pursuit of his chosen work, however, Edmund Rice had known the buffeting of trials that, had his calling been less surely of Heaven, might have well persuaded him to relinquish it. Besides (though this, of course, had been anticipated) the radical change from the tranquil course of his former existence, the daily routine of exacting duties, there was added to his discouragements the desertion of the two lay teachers he had engaged to help him. For awhile the entire charge of the school rested on his own shoulders; then to aid him in his work came two young men, born in Callan, and who were animated by the same lofty motives that had inspired himself.

At the beginning of this article, we summoned the kindly genius of Oliver Goldsmith to help us in the presentation of the portrait of Edmund Rice, and how justified was the comparison there cited, is borne out by the many testimonials to his kindliness left on record by his own pupils — artless records all of them, and therefore the more convincing. Thus one of these, John Flynn, wrote: "I went to school to Brother Ignatius Rice. He was a grand man — pious, holy and charitable. I got religious instruction from him. His charity led him to give his life and his money to the poor, and when he had not enough money to give, he begged it, so that he might have more money to give away. Brother Rice not only educated poor boys, but gave them

clothes and supported many who were in want. He was very affectionate and kind to the children; rich and poor were equally dear to him. He gained the good will of all, and if anyone got hurt, he went to Brother Rice to make the sore part well. When the children went to Holy Communion he gave them breakfast, and if they had not good clothes, he gave them new suits."

So much for the boys of Waterford and elsewhere who came under the influence of that benign spirit. But humanly it may never be estimated how many others benefited by the ministrations of Edmund Rice. Untired by his long day-labors among the boys, he held evening classes for the grown people; he visited prisoners in the jails, and when these were condemned to death by the harsh laws of the time, helped the priest in preparing them to meet it with Christian fortitude.

Such a fire of zeal could not fail to enkindle others. New schools arose at Carrick, at Cork, at Dublin and elsewhere. Men fitted by training and by piety for the work affiliated themselves with it. No vows of a formal nature were at first taken, but some six years after the inauguration of the schools, having received the approbation of the Sacred Congregation, the Brothers assembled at Mount Sion, on August 15, 1808, made their first vows in the presence of Bishop Power, and received the religious habit. The vows were modelled on those taken by the Nuns of the Presentation, who were then most fruitfully engaged in the work of educating Irish girlhood. Later it was decided to adopt the Rules governing the French Institute founded by St. John Baptist de la Salle, which had done such great things for the Catholic youth of France. This decision was carried into effect in January, 1822, when, as the result of his election by a ballot of the assembled Brothers, Edmund Rice, or Edmund Ignatius Rice, as he henceforth chose to be known, became first Superior-General of the Order.

And now the story of the Irish Christian Brothers becomes interwoven with that of Catholic Emancipation and the Titanic struggle of O'Connell to accomplish it. For Edmund Rice and O'Connell were devoted personal friends, and the Christian Brothers' schools became shining weapons in the hands of the

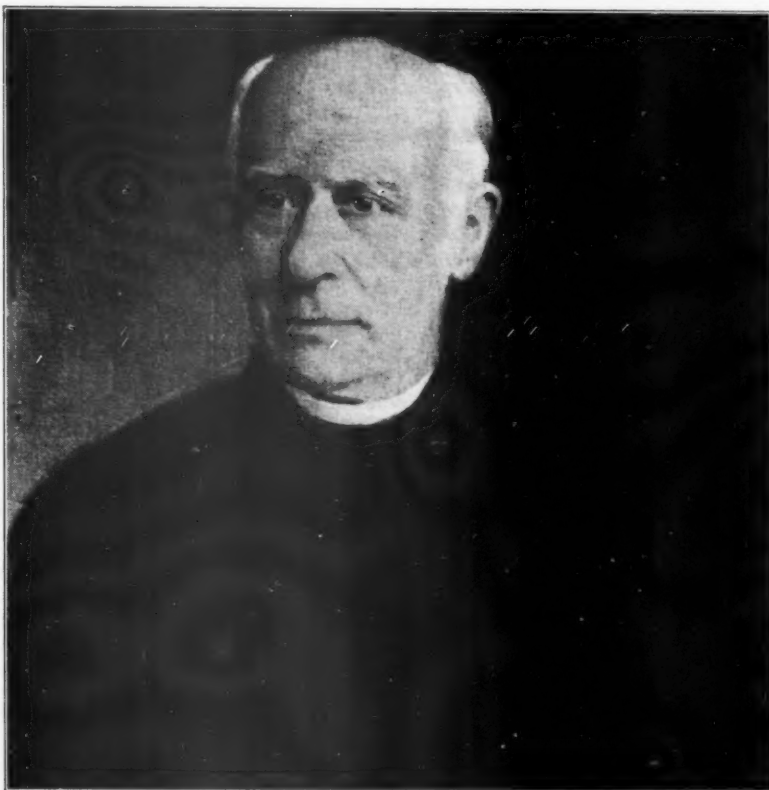
mighty Tribune, illustrating as they did, the blessings and refining influences of sound Catholic education. It was O'Connell who laid the foundation stone of the Richmond Street Schools, Dublin, in 1828, surrounded by a gathering of one hundred thousand people; and referring in his address to his "dear old personal friend, Brother Edmund Ignatius Rice, "as the Patriarch of the Monks of the West," he thanked him and the other Brothers for the inestimable good they were accomplishing for their people.

THE tradition of Nationality thus associated with the Order established by Edmund Rice has never waned to this day. With scarcely an exception, the Catholic leaders of latter-day Irish thought and action have been graduates of the Brothers' schools. An outcome not to be marveled at, since the inculcation of a spirit of virile devotion to Ireland's loftiest ideals has been an essential part of the Brother's teachings.

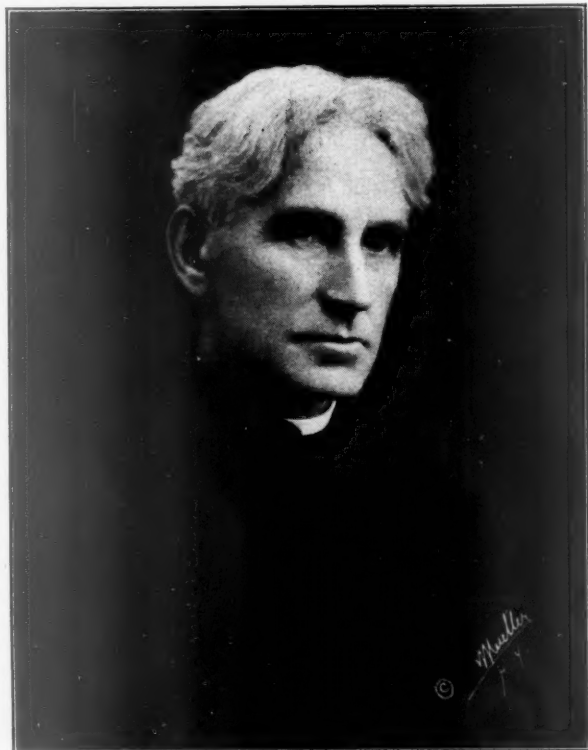
Besides the strengthening support given by Brother Rice to O'Connell

in the latter's struggles for Catholic Emancipation, he played a highly influential part in the great temperance crusade launched by Father Matthew. When the cholera visited Ireland in 1832, bringing untold desolation to town and country, he directed that the schools of the Order be converted into hospitals, and the self-sacrifice displayed by the Brothers in this dark time made them more a part of their country-people's life than ever.

Here, were this a more spacious chronicle, one would like to dilate a little on some of the followers of Edmund Rice, whose virtues and talents helped to make successful the ideal of Catholic education he had conceived. One name that shines out very radiantly among these is that of Gerald Griffin, the poet, novelist and dramatist, who joined the Brothers in 1838, at the very apex of his renown as the author of what has been pronounced by competent critics the greatest novel of Irish life, "The Collegians." Then there were educators, like Brother Dominic Burke, whose character and abilities won the friendship and praise of the most



BROTHER P. A. TRACY, FOUNDER OF THE AUSTRALIA PROVINCE



REVEREND BROTHER RYAN
Provincial of the Brothers in the United States

noted men of his day, irrespective of religious affiliations.

As the fame of the Brothers' teachings spread, urgent appeals for their services poured in, not from the neighboring island only, but from points distant as Newfoundland and Australia. Sometimes Brother Rice had sorrowfully to decline these appeals for the time being, through lack of funds and scarcity of assistants: but always, as time advanced, these difficulties melted away, and the new Irish missionaries of the intellect and soul crossed ocean and mountain with their regenerating message for the boyhood of other lands.

TO MT. SION, the first home of the Order, in Waterford, Brother Rice went back in his seventy-sixth year from the Dublin novitiate, to spend what might yet remain to him of life in the quiet and prayer which had been the goal of his early desire. There death came to him on August

28, 1838, finding him ready for the untried road, surrounded by his affectionate, grieving Brothers. From the chronicles of the day, it is shown that his death was regarded as a national loss; the newspapers vied in tributes to his goodness and great-heartedness, lauding him as the protagonist of a new era in Irish education.

Today the little seed planted so unostentatiously in Waterford one hundred and twenty-six years ago, is represented by at least one hundred schools and colleges in Ireland, including the great central training school at Marino, Dublin; while a modest estimate of the institutes directed by the Christian Brothers of Ireland here in the United States and elsewhere — which means Rome, South Africa, India, England, Canada, Australia, Spain, New Zealand — shows a total of over one hundred and thirty. May we cherish the hope that in our own America the Order will make its greatest progress!

"Yours Unbelievably"

(Continued from page 526.)

"Dear—don't ask questions. You know and I suppose Edith had, too, known all along—why I would not come back. It was cowardly—but I couldn't help it. I saw his face whenever I went into any church. . . .

"Today I came to see Edith and she was out. Her friend showed me into her study. I used to be there so often. . . . There hung a curtain on the wall. . . . But today the curtain was drawn aside and I saw her crucifix. . . .

"I can't tell you—why or wherefore. . . . For three years I had not once bent my knees. I felt frozen and angry and rebellious. I had thought, once, in the long ago that there was an infinite mercy with God. . . . And then He let my own darling boy die a death of torture—alone, in an alien land. . . . The Son of God had His own Mother standing at the foot of His Cross. My Paul suffered—with not a soul near him—as though God had forgotten to care for the world He made.

"My dear — what madness was mine! Christ alone knows—as He knew today when I walked into Edith's room—and saw Him in His sorrow. He knew—because He gave me the grace to believe that He had been near Paul all through. . . .

"Call it a miracle! I suppose our whole life is a continuous miracle. Just as this newborn Knowledge of mine about His sharing in all things.

Yours believably, M. v. B."

* * * * *

I read it in silence and a detail occurred to me. I left Isabella in the room and called my fellow student from the kitchen.

"I say—what time did von Braunitz come?"

"Oh, late in the afternoon. It was quite dark. I suggested a lamp or a candle, but she said she'd prefer to sit in the dark. Queer fish, isn't she?"

Isabella heard the little dialogue. She looked at me—as I shut the door.

"My dear, I don't understand. . . ."

"No more do I," I broke in. "What is there to understand—except that she's back?"

An Iconoclast Ventures

ON A CRITICISM OF SIGRID UNSET

By MARY E. MCGILL

IT is hazardous to chip in iconoclastic fashion even the smallest particle of the acclaim that is being showered upon Madame Sigrid Undset—the winner of the 1928 Nobel prize for literature. As I perpetrate this literary sacrilege I am painfully aware that the act will invite criticism from most of the intelligentsia and cause some mediocre minds, like my own, to hold their mental breath in contemplation of the outrage. But I do not see a way that leads from this violation. I have thought about this for days and tried to believe it is none of my business. The endeavor has been futile. The conviction persists that it is not permissible for an author to write in one paragraph reverently of God, His unfailing mercies . . . the splendor of the Faith . . . and in the next paragraph to present in salacious phraseology the frailties of human nature. Such is Madame Undset's technique.

We should not expect Sigrid Undset to resort to homiletics. Her talent does not thus lie, it being patently that of story-telling. Because of the unusual quality of her gift, however, there is danger in an overpowering power. As to intellectuals reading certain sentences with impunity! Since when did intellectuals become more moral than the rest of us? History does not so record. To the contrary, it proves that pride often governed them. And the proud heart is not a safe sanctuary for purity.

It is not unusual for a brilliant mind to tilt dangerously to the edge of the abnormal. I do not believe Madame Undset derives carnal pleasure from her detailed portrayal of sexual delinquencies. I do suspect she obtains some morbid satisfaction from her unquestioned ability to paint a picture. There are things no artist should expose in detail, particularly should a Catholic not present. Her morbidity suggests a pathological condition. It is doubtless the outgrowth of hatred of the weaknesses which she with such bare frankness megaphones. Perhaps her tendency to limn intimate relations would best be overcome by medita-

tion on the value of an immortal soul's retention of its purity, which is after all more wonderful in a spiritual sense than rehabilitation after having sinned, because the latter is an act of God's mercy to a rebel while the former represents loyal correspondence with God's grace and subsequent victory by the human will.

Madame Undset shows Lutheran imprint by overstressing the weakness of the will and understressing the grace of God in the soul struggling for supremacy over evil. I remember months ago of having read in one of Father James M. Gillis' editorials, in the *Catholic World*, his succinct definition of saint and sinner. In substance, he said, that the only difference between the saint and the sinner is that the saint conquers his passions while the sinner is conquered.

When Madame Undset was offensive in her Kristin Lavransdatter trilogy I was inclined to be indulgent, reasoning that the books were written before she became a Catholic and that her viewpoint was not to be rigorously censured, because she at that time was not privileged to breathe the buoyant spiritual oxygen of the Church. Her tetralogy—the first two books of which I have read, the remaining two not yet being off the press, and which I do not intend to read—was written after she had entered the Fold. But she has not lowered her voice concerning the ways of sexual sins.

It would seem out of respect for English speaking people's customs, more particularly with reference to what is considered legitimate in print and what is utterly taboo (morally), certain parts of Madame Undset's romances should be deleted before they are translated. Catholics and also Christians outside the Church should demand this, if we are to partake of the good meat which this writer offers in her novel writing. However, another thought occurs that is amusing—sadly so. It is that while Scandinavians are presumed to be habituated to broad expression,

hence not so sensitive to indelicate suggestions, Madame Undset's romances shout that the Norwegians, for instance, have the same temptations, via the same route, as English speaking people. It is difficult, therefore, to reconcile the supposition that lascivious passages are innocuous food for her own countrymen.

In my opinion it is not enough for our Catholic reviewers to salve their consciences by pointing the potential danger (they don't ever classify her tendency an evil one) in the "shocking frankness" of this noted Norwegian's novels for those of weak stomachs, particularly, when they hasten to pronounce her output as Catholic works which will not harm certain people—these certain people being the intellectuals, of course.

INTELLECTUALS (literary, musical, sculptors, or indeed, any of the aesthetic choir) while possessing sharp minds and lightning powers of reception, likewise are endowed with spiritual intensity—whether properly directed or not—and even a physical nervous responsiveness, because of the high key of their makeup, which characteristics, judging from those whom I have known, do not inoculate them against licentious suggestions, nor render them immune to temptation, and perhaps—who knows?—a conquest thereby.

What difference does it make to Catholics in any part of the world that Madame Undset won the Nobel prize; that she is internationally proclaimed as an artist with outstanding literary accomplishments, if her writings while ostensibly depicting the glories of the Roman Catholic Church and saving powers of our holy religion, tend to undermine the morals of a reading public? I dare to assert if anyone but a recent convert to the Faith were to subscribe her name to books so openly dissecting sensual emotions that our leaders would have sensed more profoundly the moral evil in such writings and the proximate occasion of sin they offer. Repeated references to the consequences of sin, the mercy of the Redeemer, form a chameleon cloak to cover impure suggestiveness.

Mr. George N. Shuster, in *The Commonweal*, of December 26, 1928, offers appropriately and completely the thread of thought that has been running in my mind ever since I read Madame Undset for the first time, which was over a year ago. It follows: " * * * the rule proposed by Scupoli in his *Spiritual Combat*: all the passions may be 'purged,' in the Aristotelian sense, may be encountered and dominated, excepting that 'sting of the flesh' which blinds the spirit and which can only be truly understood by avoidance."

With an artistic flair, Madame Undset inexcusably throws offensive sentences right into the brain center of the reader. Is it any wonder that some of us experience an enduring anger because of her lack of consideration?

AS ZEALOUS Catholics we welcome Madame Undset and her children into the Church, as we would indeed the humblest of God's creatures. It is also a fact that we are proud of her talent—God-given. And what I have written is in no sense meant as a depreciation of the character of the woman I believe Madame Undset to be sincere. A woman who travels an hour and a half by train to attend Holy Mass is an earnest woman in the pursuit of her salvation. A woman who frequently receives into her heart the spotless Lamb of God would ultimately turn from pyrographic descriptions if she heeds her conscience. But why should our Catholic critics wait for her to gradually waken to the moral harm she may do and, I believe, does do? A woman of Madame Undset's spiritual depth and brilliance of mind should possess a humility that would acquiesce in suggestions for more prudent procedure along certain lines. All she needs, in my opinion, is to be shown *definitely* not tolerantly and half-apologetically. I wonder if the next boat will be crowded with our Catholic intellectuals, forward bent on this apostolate work?

It would appear that Madame Undset remembers but two commandments of God—the sixth and the ninth, though casual greeting is given to the fifth, when in her first volume of *The Master of Hestviken* Olaf lukewarmly grieves over his murder of the Iclander. But he palliates his conscience by telling himself it was no great sin. The man didn't amount to much! Sin was

not peculiar to the Viking period; it has been here since the fall. It will be on earth so long as time is measured!

A writer of romances is presumed to deal with the grand passion. The exquisitely beautiful and delicate attribute of love, because of an inherent physical quality in its makeup, easily descends to lust. As Catholics we do not turn pale because a story reveals sin but we do flinch at needlessly naked revelations of the indulgence of passion. The writings of Madame Undset would suffer not one little in artistic effect if she were to soft-pedal carnal arpeggios and crescendo another scale. There are seven other commandments of God; also six of the Church, and sundry sub-classifications, such as the Seven Capital Sins and the sin of becoming *accessory to the sins of others*. If she wants to exhibit her art of soul vivisection there are many passions that can be revealed in full without danger to the reader. The thought occurs that she could present with consummate skill the present day love of money and wave of materialism. Her generosity indicates the opposite virtue in her own life, an outstanding example being the occasion when she bestowed the first part of the Nobel award upon parents who were making heroic effort to care for their mentally deficient children in their homes. This act alone would make everyone who is responsive to the sorrows of the afflicted cherish her.

However much we may regard Madame Undset's magnanimity and admire her talents, nevertheless unless she does something remedial and without delay with respect to her practice of defiling her writings some of us will forever doubt her technique (moral), though not impugning her motive.

A writer never becomes so great that she is absolved from exercising the charity of reserve. Madame Undset is flagrantly wanting in Christian reticence. She should consider that her readers may love purity not less but more because they are sensitive to unwarranted frank delineations, with full descriptions of temptation's approach, its gradual crescendo in power until the victim is swept off his feet by the fierce storm of passion. Adults, however pure their lives, know in a degree about these things, having had their own conflicts.

Passing along the highway or

through the busy streets of a great city, one sees much dirt, dust and debris of all kinds. The sight makes slight impression. But if someone were to throw the filth in another's face, that contact would physically soil. The throwing of graphic sentences describing love when it degenerates to lust, into the mind of the reader works similarly. Madame Undset commits this unseemly act repeatedly.

I understand that Norway is a literate country. But in spite of its intellectuality it seems to be permeated with an unsavory atmosphere, though there are hopeful signs of progress and it is predicted that the Church will regain lost ground. It would appear that Madame Undset is suffering from childhood's inhalations and womanhood's observations. The stigma of illegitimacy rests heavily on many of Norway's children. Doubtless this writer has brooded too much over this unhappy phase in her nation's life. It is to be expected that environment will cast its shadow on a writer. While the teachings of Luther were not afflicting the Norwegians in the periods about which Madame Undset has written in her romances, the result of his doctrines is felt and the toll of the Reformation is being paid in Norway at the present time.

Madame Undset seems sex obsessed. She is likely to lead the undiscerning reader to believe that certain transgressions are so *natural* that there is not a *supernatural* means of overcoming them. And such is precisely the attitude of the world at the present time.

ADMITTED it is wholly natural to sin, it is nevertheless a fact that persistent prayer and the grace of the Sacraments make reasonably easy abstention from indulgence in natural adult desires, excepting when fulfilled under the blessing of the Sacrament of Matrimony, which renders the satisfaction of a Divinely implanted impulse holy. Madame Undset's heroines partake of the fruit of marriage before the union is blessed. Such heroines become monotonous. She seems to have formed a habit. If she does not find another plot, the world will be justified in believing her talent, though great, circumscribed.

I do not believe Madame Undset has grasped the true spirit of Catholicity (as it affects literary expres-

sion) and the higher ideal of the Roman Catholic Church (as to exercise of God-given talents), which spirit and ideal should be the standard of a Catholic's life and a Catholic's work.

The exposés of Madame Undset do not shock me; they fill me with a pursuing indignation. Women who have been in the business world for years know enough of life not to be shocked at anything. We ride the cars, go up and down elevators and meet in public places adulterers and other fornicators (known as such) and smile our neighborly good mornings and voice our good-will parting salutations, with but passing remembrance of the stories of ill repute. When they do flit across our minds, we blow them aside as easily as we would rid ourselves of a stinging gnat. Moreover, some of us have lived long enough to know that many a reputation is unjustly destroyed by a tongue set wagging by a corrupt or jealous mind. There may have been some smoke suggesting a hidden fire, but occasionally moral incendiarism is checked before there is a holocaust!

CATHOLICS take pride in being broad nowadays. But there are various interpretations of the word "broad." I have observed that many who think they are legitimately broad are slowly receding from harmony with the mind of the Church, though if they die soon enough there will not be an open break.

St. Paul was the only one of the twelve apostles who was cultured according to our human gauge. And yet St. Paul had a terrific conflict to wage. Brave man that he was, he never turned from God after receiving the most spectacular call in sacred or profane history. He cried to the Lord God for relief. The Scriptures record God's answer. I do not believe if St. Paul were here today he would sanction toleration of Madame Undset's "shocking frankness," as it is invariably styled. I believe St. Paul would be afraid of her *minute details*; at least, he would consider such writing artistic audacity to thus create a grating crescendo of emotional frenzy. Madame Undset's offense lies in the many coats of varnish she applies. They blister!

No soul is made pure by contemplation of the impure. Doctors, nurses and social welfare workers are agreed that when the beast of passion controls human desire that considera-

tion of physical consequences of sin, even eternal punishment, does not stay pursuit. And the Church teaches that only the grace of God, invited by the cultivation of a prayerful spirit and concentration on the opposite of vice will give the soul conquest. This being true, why should we tolerate an author's smearing of pages, particularly a Catholic author, who in the minds of some Catholics bears almost an ecclesiastical imprimatur, when our Catholic leaders endorse her books for consumption by the mature, the strong stomach and the intellectual elite.

On January 25, 1897, the great Leo XIII issued His Bull "*Officiorum ac Munerum*," paragraph 9 of which reads: "Books systematically (ex professo) discussing, relating or teaching obscene and immoral things are strictly prohibited." Now, if glaring details that hit a reader between the eyes, with bare blows sufficient to stun moral sense, are not "systematically discussing, relating or teaching obscene and immoral things" *ipso facto*, this paper is worse than a wasted effort, being a subversion of the truth. So strongly do I believe what I have written that it would take something akin to an *ex cathedra* to change my opinion. If I were not so convinced, I would not dare express myself. It is painful for me to do so. I wish a man were writing this article instead of a woman. It is always said that women are not fair to each other. And from experience, women know that good men are considerate — sometimes too kind. I have a great respect for the men whose reviews I have read concerning Madame Undset's books, but their chivalry seems to prevent forceful condemnation of certain tendencies in Madame Undset's works, though conscience compels them to signal danger. But they do it, oh, so gently!

In conclusion, I might say it does not hurt my pride to admit I have a delicate spiritual stomach and I hardly think it necessary to proclaim the obvious—that I am not an intellectual. I frankly acknowledge that Madame Undset's specific recording of every physical impulse, every mental dalliance with temptation and final complete surrender, are too emotionally rich for my digestion. Such food makes me ill. If I were the only one so weak, this paper would not be published. There would be no excuse for it. I could and I hope

would abstain. But I venture to assert the belief that the major percentage of Madame Undset's readers would be spiritually better off without her romances. As a rule, normal human nature, when pure, is pure because folks are careful; because they love God more than fleeting diversions—mental or otherwise. And if they do not reach the contemplative stage and love God for Himself alone, stripped of every selfish motive, they have the judgment to realize that it is not the intelligence of a man or woman that merits eternal reward but his will. Practice in certain arts makes one proficient; avoidance of proximate spiritual dangers makes the will strong.

WHEN literature is polluted it should cease to command the attention of Catholics. Accidental pollution—we credit Madame Undset with unintentional defilement of her books—has the same effect and is as contaminating as premeditated poisoning.

So many intellectuals have fallen from grace. The Index is clogged with them! And perhaps hell is likewise lighted by their brilliance. Hence, I respectfully question such phrases as "only those with strong stomachs should partake" of Madame Undset's writings, or, that "her writings are certainly not meant for the nursery, nor for every family table. But the intellectual reader * * * will find in them the sound ethics of our religion."

Madame Undset is so good a storyteller that I experience regret that I shall know her no more. I recall pleasantly having spent a period one evening, with radio turned for soft music, while I closed my eyes and contemplated Ingunn stirring her cheeses and engage herself in other domesticities. Poor incompetent Ingunn! Another evening I refreshed my mind on public penances and the date when they ceased. I have wished many times we had them now. But the Church knows we are too soft for such tests of faith! One should get real satisfaction out of brave atonements rather than the recitation of three Paters and three Aves! . . . Still another day I fingered the atlas to definitely place Norway in my brain. From memory I could quote sentences from Madame Undset's novels. She incites investigative interest. The intelligent reader desires to know of

her country, its topography, the customs of the people, their culture, and is led into much informative thinking. It is precisely because Madame Undset is so worth while in all respects but one, and that one has been pounded by me until it must resemble hammered brass, that I am indignant with her for her flagrantries.

Having visited Norway many times (in imagination), I believe I could

find Madame Undset's home nestling in the Lillehammer Valley. It is too bad I am poor; otherwise, I should be tempted to "drop in on her" for the brief period that etiquette prescribes for a first call, though it is highly presumptuous to fancy I should be admitted to the literary star's presence. Native reporters are said to have been turned away while she busily engages in Thomistic

study. My sympathy extends to said reporters. After all, they were engaged in the lively art of making their living when they intruded.

But the fact that Madame Undset is cultivating the great Thomas of Aquinas is a hopeful sign. In his company she may learn that she owes it to her God, to her soul, to her country and to the world, to prune conscientiously.



"It's The Mass That Matters"

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ROMAN RITE

By JOSEPH HOLDEN

"IT is the Mass that matters" is a phrase which is pregnant with meaning! Uttered many years ago by a politician none too friendly to the Catholic Church, it has become a useful English Catholic idiom for expressing tersely a notion which would otherwise require many words.

That it is the Mass which makes all the difference between Dublin and Edinburgh; between London and Naples, none can gainsay! Not every Catholic, however, is an enthusiastic liturgiologist; nor may such be expected, since Holy Church, in order to protect the souls of erring mankind, has long since found it necessary to render attendance at Sunday Mass obligatory under pain of mortal sin.

But there is more than an antiquarian or archæological interest attached to an endeavor to trace the golden threads which have been so wonderfully woven into the priceless fabric which is known to and loved by us as Holy Mass in the Roman Rite.

We are assured on divine authority that the kings of the earth have desired to see and to hear things which we are privileged to see and hear and possess as a freely bestowed gift! Solving the puzzle of our liturgical heritage is not the dry process which the non-devout would have us believe. It may be made just as thrilling—given the right mind and heart—quite as interesting, and much more profitable in the end than solving

crossword or other kinds of puzzles!

No Catholic needs to be reminded that the Christian Sacrifice, the Mass, the perpetual Offering of our Great High Priest through a human ministry, derives its efficacy from His Sacred Passion, and Immolation on Mount Calvary. This aspect of the subject, however, is beyond our scope; the present inquiry being made from another standpoint.

Of the eight principal, root, or parent Rites whereby the Catholic Church offers the Christian Sacrifice, we shall discuss only our own, the Western, or Latin, Rite.

The Church has never insisted on absolute uniformity of rite as a liturgical principle. In this respect the divinely-founded Church differs from the sixteenth century man-made institution "by law established," the authorized formularies of which "plump" for "uniformity"—enforced by Acts of Parliament—while in practice nobody can be certain whether her rite be sacrificial or merely commemorative of the Last Supper!

Throughout the Catholic Church the accompaniments are many and diverse, but the Sacrifice is absolutely one and identical always.

FROM Rome comes the first mention of the Eucharistical Service, which was then celebrated in Greek.

Both St. Peter and St. Paul were

martyred in Rome; for there were many Christians within the purlieus of that ancient city in Apostolic times. To St. Justin Martyr (died 150), himself an Eastern, is ascribed the first account of the earliest Roman Liturgy. Earlier still, St. Clement of Rome (died 104), in his Letter to the Corinthians (which a noted Protestant scholar, Bishop Lightfoot, has described as "the first step towards Papal aggression") quotes some Eucharistical prayers, though they would seem to be of a more or less extempore character, for the Liturgy was yet in a fluid state, being handed on orally and by tradition.

THE history of the Roman Rite is obscure until early in the fifth century, when we learn from a fragmentary treatise, "*De Sacramentis*," and a letter of Pope Innocent I to Decentius of Eugubium, that the Rite has become in essence what it is to-day, the Greek language having given place to Latin.

At a later period we come to the earliest "Sacramentaries," books which contained prayers, and liturgical parts used by the celebrant; Collects, Prefaces, and the Canon of the Mass. Sacramentaries contained, also, prayers for the use of bishops, whose functions were not so clearly cut in those days as they are today.

The most important of these Sacramentaries were the "Leonine," attributed to Pope St. Leo the Great (440-461); the "Gelasian," attributed to Pope Gelasius (429-461); and

the "Gregorian," attributed to Pope St. Gregory the Great (590-604). Each of the Sacramentaries represents a distinct stage of liturgical reform, as well as development.

There were Sacramentaries of lesser importance, and a "*Missale Francorum*" (Mass-book of the French) compiled about the seventh century.

CHARLEMAGNE, anxious to introduce the Roman Rite into his dominions, wrote, about 785, asking Pope Adrian I to send him the Service Book of the Roman Church. The book sent was the "Gregorian Sacramentary," which was then edited, and adapted by the addition of material from the Gelasian Sacramentary, and from Gallican service books, by Charlemagne's English adviser and secretary, Alcuin, the Scholar. Hitherto, the Gallican Rite had been used in Gaul from the earliest times; henceforth, it was to become greatly "Romanized." Local renderings of the Gallican Rite were used in Spain, Ireland, and in pre-Saxon Britain.

From Iona was taken a Gallico-Celtic Rite to Lindisfarne by St. Aidan, the Irish Apostle of Northumbria, and was by him spread among his converts, subjects of King Oswald, at whose behest the saint had come to convert them.

There is some little difference of opinion regarding the origin of the Gallican Rite. Several theories are put forward by liturgical scholars to account for it. One view is that the rite came from the East with St. Irenæus; another view is that it was a very early Roman Rite; a third opinion has been given to the effect that the Gallican Rite originated in Gaul, and was not introduced either from Rome or the East.

Between the Roman Rite and the Gallican Rite, while the latter was extant, a mutual reaction existed; and the Gallican Rite is extinct—except for quaint survivals at Toledo, Salamanca, Lyons, and Milan—while the Roman Rite, enriched by its absorbed Gallican elements, lives on in health and vigor!

In the early medieval period a Celtic Rite of the Gallican type was used in Ireland, though there was much diversity there, as elsewhere, prior to the tenth century.

Of the English Church, we know from the 13th Canon of the Council of Clovesho held in 747, that in

England the Mass was offered according to "the usage of the Holy Roman Church."

After the Norman conquest even Church affairs worked far from smoothly in England. So unsatisfactory was the position that St. Osmund, a Norman nobleman and nephew of William the Conqueror, who was made Bishop of Salisbury in 1078, decided on drastic reforms. The bishop was not satisfied with local customs, the English clergy were unruly, lax in the observance of rubrics, and raised objection to Norman innovations. St. Osmund revised the existing Anglo-Roman Rite, introduced some Norman ritual forms without eliminating everything that was local, and "standardized" the whole Rite, including the Divine Office and the Mass.

The revised Rite became known as the "Salisbury Use," or the "Sarum Rite." It had been adopted by many bishops for Irish and English dioceses within the next hundred years. (Bishops were empowered in those days to fix their diocesan Rite—within certain limits.) The introduction of the Sarum Rite into Ireland was sanctioned by the Synod of Cashel in 1172.

The Mass in the Sarum Rite—it was in Latin, of course—was not greatly different from the Roman Rite with which we are familiar, and was almost identical with the Mass as celebrated in every Dominican church at the present time.

From a brief description of the Mass in the Sarum Use the reader will readily recognize the points of difference between it and the Roman use.

A lengthy preparation was made in the sacristy. While vesting, the celebrant and his assistants recited the *Veni Creator*; Versicles, with Responses; the Psalm, *Judica me Deus*; more Responses; *Kyrie Eleison*; *Paternoster*; and *Ave Maria*.

Proceeding to the foot of the Altar, the Mass commenced with the *Paternoster*; a verse of the Psalm, *Confitemini Domino*; followed by a very short *Confiteor* which, of course, the assistants repeated. After the *Absolutionem* (*Misereatur*) had been pronounced, and the *Adjutorium* responses said, the celebrant gave the kiss of peace (*Pax*) to the deacon, and sub-deacon.

Then, reciting the prayer, *Auger a nobis*, the celebrant ascended to the Altar, which he kissed, and made the

sign of the cross. The *Introit*, *Gloria*, and Collects, followed, as in the Roman Rite. The Chalice, and the Bread were then prepared, and placed on the altar by an assistant, while the Epistle and Gospel were being read. The *Credo* was followed by the *Offertorium* in the usual way. The Offertory prayers in the Sarum Use were nearly word for word the same as ours. The *Lavabo* ceremony was performed but, in place of the Psalm of that name, the priest said: "*Munda me Domine ab omni iniquamento mentis et corporis; ut possim mundatus implere opus sanctum Domini.*"

The priest's exhortation in the Sarum Rite ran: "*Orate fratres et sorores . . . !* (and sisters!) The response was to be made silently. (One wonders whether St. Osmund feared a too audible response on the women's part!!!) "*Responsio cleri privatim*," the rubric says.

The *Secretas orationes*, *Sursum corda*, and Preface according to season, came in due order, followed, of course, by the *Sanctus*.

The Canon of the Mass in the Sarum Rite was almost word for word, and action for action, the same as that in the Roman Rite. The differences were confined chiefly to the alternative use of words which made no difference to the meaning of any particular passage. For example: in the *Nobis Quoque peccatoribus*, the Sarum Use has: "*. . . cum omnibus sanctis Tuis*"; the Roman rendering of the same being: "*. . . et omnibus sanctis Tuis.*" As will be seen, the variation is slight—a mere matter of the words "and" and "with."

The rubrics of Sarum directed the celebrant to stand with arms stretched outwards and upwards, with open palms, in the form of a cross, after the Prayer of Consecration.

There were no genuflections, except at the Consecration; a profound inclination of the body from the waist being the custom.

The Canon ended, as now, with the prayer before the *Paternoster*.

THE remaining part of the Rite differed from our use. The *Paternoster*, *Libera nos*, *Pax Domini*, and *Agnus Dei*, were there, but the three beautiful prayers before the *Domine non sum dignus* of our Roman Rite were not the same. Other prayers took their place; *Domine non sum dignus* was not said in the Mass

of Sarum. (This is the case in the present Dominican rite.)

Receiving the Sacred Host, the priest was directed to say: "Hail, for ever Most Holy Flesh of Christ, to me before all and above all Most Sweet! The Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ be to me, a sinner, the Way and the Life." A similar form was prescribed for the receiving of the Chalice.

The prayer, *Quod ore*; the Ablutions; the Communion; Post-Communion; and *Ite Missa est* followed in their present order, and the Mass ended with the Sign of the Cross.

There was no Blessing (*Benedicite vos*) other than the *Pax Domini*; and the celebrant with his assistants recited the "Last Gospel" in procession on their way back to the sacristy.

THIS beautiful "use" was forbidden by law in Ireland and England in 1549, when the "First Prayer Book of King Edward VI" was ordered to be used in all the churches in both Realms. The Sarum Use, however, was restored—as were the harmonious "uses" of York, Lincoln, Hereford, and Bangor — by the Catholic Queen Mary I in 1553.

In the reign of the Protestant Queen Elizabeth the penal laws against the Mass were reintroduced, and many martyrs resulted therefrom in the old countries. The old Rites were still used in Ireland, and by English refugees on the Continent, until the Missal of Pope St. Pius V came into general use. This is the Missal we use.

The ritual of the Mass, the outward expression of the Offering, has its rise in the Last Supper. What Our Divine Lord then did and said, repeated, as He commanded, is the framework of the Mass. The source of its efficacy has been mentioned already.

The Service already mentioned as described by St. Justin Martyr, seems to be of an Eastern type, and shows a marked resemblance to that described in the Apostolic Constitutions; yet St. Justin describes the Roman Mass of the first century.

Pope St. Victor I seems to have been the first to use Latin as the liturgical language. Our *Kyrie Eleison* (Greek words), is a relic of the age when Mass was said in Greek.

Since that time the Roman Rite has been several times revised, simplified, everything redundant eliminated. The adoption of Latin was a step in

that direction. The form of the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified on Good Friday would seem to be an example illustrative in some measure of the original Roman Rite.

Thus we see, our simple, yet beautiful, Roman Rite has reached its present form by a process of development, like some rare plant that has been tended and cared for, watered, and pruned into lovely flowering perfection.

St. Leo the Great revised the Liturgy; St. Gregory the Great effected sundry minor changes, and arranged the Canon in its present form. He moved the *Paternoster* from the end of the Mass to before the Communion. In his Letter to John of Syracuse, St. Gregory says: "We say the Lord's Prayer immediately after the Canon. . . . It seems to me very unsuitable that we should say the Canon which an unknown scholar composed over the Oblation, and that we should not say the Prayer, handed down by our Redeemer Himself, over His Body and Blood."

Since Pope St. Gregory's day the most important feature in the history of the Roman Rite, perhaps, is the way in which it spread all over the western world, entirely displacing the Gallican Rite and its derivatives everywhere. At the present day only isolated survivals remain in the cities named.

The Elevation, showing the Sacred Host and the Chalice to the people after consecration, was brought into use by a bishop of Paris about the year 1196. The custom, which spread throughout the Western Church, was intended as a protest against the erroneous doctrine that transubstantiation of the bread only took place when the priest had said the words of consecration over *both* bread and wine.

Our forefathers in the old lands placed great store on the Elevation; "seeing God's Body," as they expressed it. At the present time an indulgence may be gained by those who look upon the elevated Host, and the Chalice, while they devoutly say: "My Lord and my God."

The Service of Solemn High Mass is the normal mode of offering the Holy Sacrifice. The need for a complete Mass-Book arose with the custom of a single priest offering Low Mass, without assistants, or choir; and with a minimum of ceremonial. Then the celebrant had to deal per-

sonally with what was usually said or sung by the deacon and sub-deacon, and choir.

The Missal of early medieval times was a somewhat incomplete compilation in comparison with our modern comprehensive Missal. The *Missale Romanum*, then, as we have it today is the result of a gradual process of development, and is a combination of several olden-time Service Books into one volume. These were the Sacramentary, which was used by the celebrant; the Graduale, which contained the Proper of Mass as sung by the choir; the Epistolarium consisting of Epistles and Gospels, and Old Testament Lessons; the Directorium contained rubrics, and instructions regarding the Mass to be said from day to day.

During the Middle Ages many different Missals were in use in Europe. All that had not been in use for at least two centuries were abolished by the Council of Trent.

In 1570 Pope St. Pius V introduced his revised Missal. Several subsequent minor improvements have been made in it, but it is substantially the same book which St. Pius authorized, and which we now use.

"It's the Mass that matters!" Fanatical "reformers"—kings, queens, preachers—saw in the Mass the soul of Catholicism, and they tried — vainly — to exterminate it! Blasphemously, they dubbed it "a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit." (Anglican Articles.) To say, or to hear, Mass was made "high treason" with all the dreadful penalties which it entailed. The noblest blood in Ireland and England was shed in defense of the Holy Mass. But "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," and Blessed Oliver Plunkett and Blessed John Fisher died not in vain!

Today, not only we who live in the newer lands of America, Canada, and Australia, the people also of holy Ireland and the Catholic minority in Great Britain, can worship and adore our God in the Sacrifice of the New Law as our forefathers so adored for twelve hundred years before Protestantism was brought into being.

Thus, "from the rising of the sun even to the going down . . . in every place there is a Sacrifice, there is offered a clean Oblation"; for "He is a Priest for ever according to the order of Melchisadech." Truly, "it is the Mass that matters."

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

EASTERN CATHOLICS

(1) *I am greatly puzzled by the numerous rites of the Catholic Church. I am under the belief that Roman Catholics may receive Holy Communion in the Greek Catholic Churches, and yet this church is not in union with the Holy Father, the Pope. Am I right in this? (2) Will you kindly tell me whether there is any book written on the Rites of the Catholic Church that I could buy?*—M. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) The Greek Catholic Church is in union with Rome. It is distinctive of the Eastern churches in union with Rome that they use the appellation "Catholic"; whereas the Schismatic churches use the term "Orthodox." So whenever you read of a Greek, or Oriental "Catholic" Church you will know that it is of our Faith. Canon 866 of the Code of Canon Law declares that it is lawful for all the faithful to receive the Sacrament of the Eucharist in any (Catholic) rite, although the Easter Communion ought to be received in one's own parish church.

(2) There is a pamphlet entitled "Eastern Catholics," by W. L. Scott, K.C., which is very instructive. It may be obtained from the Catholic Truth Society, 72 Victoria Street, London, S.W., for twopence (4 cents). You will also find an illuminating article on the Eastern churches, both Schismatic and Uniate, in the Catholic Encyclopedia, Volume V, "Eastern Churches."

OBLIGATIONS OF GOD-PARENTS

My husband and I are God-Parents for my husband's niece. At the time this baby was christened my sister-in-law and her husband were separated. Since that time the baby was legally adopted by my sister-in-law's people, as they pointed out that they could bring the child up better than its own mother, since my sister-in-law is separated from her husband and receives no support from him. She consented to this adoption. Now, what is the duty of my husband and myself as God-Parents? I have written to the woman who adopted the baby, and she hasn't answered me. I would not like to give her the impression that I am interfering, and would like your advice as to the best way to handle this matter.—N. N., FREEPORT, L. I.

That God-Parents have a grave obligation towards their spiritual children there can be no doubt. Canon 769 of the Code of Canon Law says that they, in virtue of their office, which they have voluntarily assumed, are bound to take a perpetual interest in their God-Child, and to see that he leads a truly Christian life, as he pledged to do through them at his baptism. This duty, of course, is secondary; that is, in case his parents fail to do this, either through neglect, or because of physical or moral impossibility.

You omitted to mention whether the family which adopted the child are Catholics or non-Catholics. This is very important. If they are Catholics they will, we presume, see that the child receives a Catholic training. But if they are non-Catholics, the fact of legal adoption prevents you from doing more than to exercise a prudent interest in the child's

welfare. Your obligations are not revoked, but restricted.

It may be worthwhile to inform the family which adopted your God-child that you are not interfering, but merely doing your duty. In case you see that the child is being deprived of a Christian education, you should remind his mother that she should not forget her own flesh so shamefully. At least, you could inform the pastor of the place, giving him the details.

FOUR UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *Why are all novenas nine consecutive days, or nine First Fridays, or nine Mondays, etc. (2) Can you receive Holy Communion on Good Friday and on Holy Saturday? (3) Were there ever any other than English, Spanish, and Italian Popes, and how many of each? (4) Why do Catholics take holy water when entering church? I asked a few Catholics these questions, and it seems that I could not get the correct answers.*—C. A., BRONX, N. Y.

(1) All novenas are nine because novena means nine, as every duet means two. Novena is from the Latin term *novem* (nine).

(2) Holy Communion can be received on Good Friday only as Viaticum. It is permissible to receive It on Holy Saturday during Holy Mass.

(3) There have been 15 French Popes, 9 Greeks, 7 German, 1 Portuguese, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Dalmatians, 1 Thacian, 1 Dutchman, 1 Cretan, and 1 Jew.

(4) The use of holy water on entering the church is symbolic of the purity of spirit, with which the soul should approach to God. The sign of the cross is a profession of faith.

Is it possible that a number of Catholics could not hit on the correct answers to these questions? The only one which they might not be expected to know is the third.

PASSIONIST PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Is a boy fourteen years of age old enough to join the Passionist Order? Which Passionist seminary is nearest to Cincinnati?—R. H. S., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The nearest and only preparatory seminary in the Western Province, which includes the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, is located in Normandy, Mo. Write to V. Rev. Fr. Provincial, Passionist Monastery, Norwood Park, Ill., for further information.

MARRIAGE QUERIES: IS THE MAN ALL RIGHT?

(1) *Should I give up the man I am engaged to because he is a Protestant? Would I do wrong if I married him? He respects my faith, and says that he will turn to please me. I have tried to explain the Catholic Faith in the hope that he may see the light and follow it, but he says that he was brought up a Protestant and he cannot believe in any other faith. Some of my friends tell me to leave him, but my*

mother says that I should let my heart lead me? Is it a sin to marry out of your faith?—N. N. (2) I go with a man who was baptized a Catholic and married a non-Catholic girl before a Justice of the Peace, and was later divorced. Is it wrong for me to go with him? Can we be married if he returns to the Faith?—N. N.

(1) Our stand in regard to mixed marriages is that of the Catholic Church. The Church in her legislation "most severely forbids mixed marriages." To contract a marriage with one not of the Faith is to put one's own faith in jeopardy, and also that of the children. One of the greatest causes of leakage in the Church in this country is due to mixed marriages. It is estimated that between sixty and seventy-five per cent of mixed marriages turn out unhappily, or prejudicial to the faith of the Catholic party. It is contrary to Divine Law to expose one's most precious possession in this life, viz., the Catholic Faith, to danger. It is true that the Church will grant a dispensation from the impediment, but only after the Catholic party has put the Church in such a position that the granting of the dispensation is about the only way to save the Catholic to the Church. And only under conditions which are calculated to render the danger to the faith of the Catholic party remote; conditions, by the way, which non-Catholics may easily make, and more easily break. One Catholic has written to us, after an unfortunate experience, saying: "What a sermon I could preach on the rightness of the Church's stand on mixed marriage!"

It is true, not all mixed marriages are unhappy, or prejudicial to the faith of the Catholic. About twenty-five or thirty per cent are fortunate. Therefore, you have about one chance in four that your marriage will be a happy one.

We cannot be more Catholic than the Church. She will dispense provided the conditions laid down are conscientiously made, and honestly fulfilled. But she shows how sorrowful she is over her children entering into this kind of union by omitting all those beautiful ceremonies which are observed in a Catholic marriage, and which are so precious in the eyes of the devout Catholic girl.

In a matter of such grave importance you ought to seek the advice of your pastor.

(2) It all depends on whether his marriage has really been dissolved. If it has not, then it is both wrong to go with him, and also to think of marrying him. This is a case for the Matrimonial Court of the diocese to settle. See your pastor.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MORTAL SIN?

Please tell me when a sin is mortal? How are we to know it positively?—J. C., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Sin is a deliberate violation of the law of God. When this violation is concerned with a grave matter the sin will be mortal; when concerned with light matters, a venial sin. Thus, Holy Scripture says that idolators, fornicators, adulterers, drunkards, etc., will not enter the kingdom of Heaven. Such sins must, therefore, be mortal. To tell a light lie is a venial sin.

There are three conditions for a mortal sin. 1st, the matter of the offense must be grave; 2nd, there must be full advertence of the mind; 3rd, there must be full consent of the will. In other words, the act must be fully deliberate to constitute a mortal sin. Thus, to deliberately commit perjury is a mortal sin.

One knows positively that the doing of a certain action would be to commit a mortal sin when his conscience, fully awake, represents the action as gravely forbidden. It is not necessary to reflect on all the consequences resulting from the sinful act, such as the loss of grace, hell, etc. The simple apprehension of the act as being gravely wrong is sufficient.

WHO IS LATE FOR MASS?

A claims that a person is late for Mass if he is not present when the priest comes to the foot of the altar to start it, making the exceptions for mothers, Sunday workers, and others, who through no fault of their own may be a few minutes late. B claims that a person under no circumstances is late for Mass, provided he arrives before the removal of the veil, that is, the Offertory.—J. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

B's opinion is not only patently false; it is absurd. A person is late for Mass who fails to be present at the beginning of Mass. Just as a person is late for the theater who does not arrive before the curtain. But as to the fault in being late; that is another question.

GOD'S MERCY VS. HIS JUSTICE

A relative convinced a group of Catholic men that God does not know the future. He showed them a passage of the Bible in which God said that He regretted that He made man. He also declared that God loves the human race, and that if He had the power to do so, He would never have allowed evil, sickness, sorrow, distress, Purgatory, or Hell to exist. He also said: "I am the father of five children, and no matter how wicked they should be, I would never burn them for two minutes, much less for all eternity. And God is just as merciful to His children." Is his argument logical?—M. J. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Hardly. But his eloquence must have been very moving to convince Catholic men in regard to such extravagant, not to say, heretical statements. We fear that the speaker's emotions ran away from his reason. There is scarcely an assertion made which is not repugnant to reason, let alone revelation. Thus, to assert, or to imply, that God is wanting in either intelligence, or knowledge, or power, is to affirm and deny the same thing in the same breath. For the simple reason that if what he calls God is wanting in any perfection, that very want, or lack, destroys the notion of God. God is the supremely infinite Being because He is the Uncaused Cause of all things. Since He is uncaused, eternally existing Being—how could He lack any perfection? He must, therefore, have the fulness or totality of every perfection in His own essence. And, consequently, He is both all-knowing and all-powerful. Does not your friend say in the Creed: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty?"

Since God has all perfections, how explain His permission of evil? In the beginning God made man right, and promised him all manner of felicity here and hereafter, provided he was obedient. Man abused his freedom to disobey. That is what brought all the misery in the world. Was God to be blamed for the misery resulting from man's abuse of his free will? What more could God have done, outside taking away man's capacity to exercise free will, the absence of which would lower man to the level of the brute?

Furthermore, in regard to the catalog of evils, it is better, as St. Augustin says, for God to allow evils to exist, in order to bring good out of them, than not to allow them to exist at all. But there can be no freedom of the will without evil being present. For without the cruelty of tyrants there would be no heroism of martyrs.

The only statement to which we can say "Amen" is that "God loves the human race." If the father of five says that he loves his children to such a degree that he couldn't bear to see them suffer, what, think you, is the measure of the love of God, Our Father, Whose love, like every other of His perfections, is also infinite? So great is His love for mankind that He sent His Only Begotten Son into the world in order to save the world. What was the life of the Son of God while on earth? Did He suffer? Assuredly. For what reason? For His own sins? By no means. For our sins, and those of the whole world. For what end did He do this? To teach men how to convert evil into good; to

atone for their sins, and thus save themselves from eternal perdition. What is to become of one who neglects so great salvation? Why, God is obliged by His infinite justice, which, unlike man's; is governed by wisdom and not emotion, to punish one who refused to accept the invitation of God.

Jesus, God Incarnate, was Mercy in the Flesh. Yet He described the Last Judgment in words which are terrible in their significance: To the wicked God will say—"Depart from Me into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels." Your friend would not punish his children because he is speaking from emotion and sentiment but not rationally.

PURGATORY; COMMUNION; SALVE REGINA

(1) *A priest, speaking on the Last Judgment, said: "On the last day there will be no more Purgatory." Will you please explain? Will one who departs this life with venial sin on his soul be damned? I do not understand, since nothing defiled shall enter Heaven. What will be the destination of such souls?* (2) *May a person who received Holy Communion on Christmas night receive again at the 11 o'clock Mass on Christmas morning, provided he did not break his fast?* (3) *Is it proper for one to smoke right before receiving Holy Communion, or, in case of a priest, before celebrating Holy Mass?* (4) *May a deceased non-Catholic be enrolled in Purgatorial societies?* (5) *What is meant when one strikes his breast when saying, "O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary" in the Salve Regina?*—A. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) Purgatory of its very nature is temporary. On the last day it will have purified every soul of its defilement. Consequently, those who died with venial, or lesser, sins on their souls will be fit to enter Heaven. After the Divine Judge invites all the Blessed to possess the Kingdom of God, and banishes the wicked to eternal fires, there will be no need of a middle state, such as Purgatory.

(2) No. Holy Communion may be received only once a day by the faithful. The only exception is in danger of death, when Viaticum must be received, even though Holy Communion was received on the same day.

(3) It is not becoming.

(4) Yes.

(5) We find it difficult to find any meaning in the practice. Certainly it has no liturgical authority.

QUEER NOTIONS CONCERNING MARRIAGE

Could a Catholic man marry a divorced Protestant woman, who was baptized in her own church, and married by a minister, but who now wishes to become a Catholic? A claims that as they have never been married in the eyes of the Catholic Church, there never was any divorce, and therefore they could be married by a priest, providing she becomes a Catholic. B claims that they never could be married, as the Catholic Church would recognize the marriage of two Protestants by a minister, and therefore, having secured a divorce, the Catholic Church would never allow them to marry.—A. T., DORCHESTER, MASS.

You will pardon us for calling attention to a state of mind frequently revealed by Catholics writing to this department. Entrance into the Catholic Church, while obligatory under pain of damnation on all those who are convinced that it is Christ's own Church, is not at the same time an open sesame to new marriages. Non-Catholic marriages entered into without an invalidating impediment, such as, want of proper consent, previous marriage, etc., are as valid before the Church, and before God, as a strictly so-called Catholic marriage. Which means that non-Catholics are married until death do them part. Under the law of Jesus Christ there is no such thing as a complete divorce from a valid Christian marriage, for "what God hath joined together let no man rend asunder." Consequently, the Protestant lady

will be as validly married to her partner after her reception into the Church as she was before it.

A's reasoning is false. It tends to make the Church arbitrary and tyrannical in the eyes of those outside the fold. Non-Catholics are not held to observe the Catholic form of marriage as often as they marry among themselves. Therefore, they contract a valid marriage, whether they are married by a minister, or by a public official. Moreover, marriage between two baptized non-Catholics is a sacrament, as in the case between two baptized Catholics.

B's reasoning, though somewhat obscurely worded, is the true one. That is, marriage between two Protestants is valid and perpetual, provided there was no invalidating impediment, as mentioned above. Therefore, a civil divorce will have no effect on the marriage bond.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Subscribers wish to acknowledge their thanksgiving to the Little Flower, the Blessed Virgin Mary, Gemma Galgani, St. Gabriel, and St. Jude. A. L. S., CHICAGO, ILL.; E. E. R., WESTWOOD, N. J.; K. F., NEWARK, N. J.; F. J. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; K. M. K., PELHAM PARKWAY, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

My son was out of work. I made a novena to St. Jude, and before it was over he got a job paying \$40.00 a week. He would have accepted work for \$25.00 a week. Please make it public in THE SIGN.—R. K.

I prayed to St. Jude that I might pass a severe examination and was rewarded with great success.—N. D. C.

This offering was given by a non-Catholic friend to whom I had given one of your leaflets, she having heard of the "Apostle of Cases Despaired of" through a school girl in the family which she visits. Together we made a novena for dear friend, a physician, who is also a non-Catholic, and whose family repeat several times daily the prayer to St. Jude. This doctor is a victim of cancer, but his sufferings have been alleviated since we started praying.—M. T. O., MASS.

Having frequently read the many testimonials of help received through the intercession of St. Jude, I also had recourse to him for a particular favor that I felt was almost impossible to get; but it was granted, and I feel certain that it was gained by prayers of my family and myself to this most powerful saint. And I am anxious to spread the information to as many as possible, so that they in turn will pray to this great saint for the help they stand in need of—no matter how difficult it may seem to get. I hope you will give this acknowledgement space in your splendid magazine, and beg to subscribe myself.—J. P. M., DUNKIRK, N. Y.

The following also wish to acknowledge their thanksgiving to St. Jude: A. A. R., SHARON, MASS.; O. K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.; M. D., BLUEFIELD, W. VA.; A. M., DRACUT, MASS.; W. E., MT. VERNON, N. Y.; C. O'C., SOMERVILLE, MASS.; J. M. L., —; J. V. S., MT. LEBANON, PA.; J. DU B., CINCINNATI, OHIO; H. O'B., ELMHURST, N. Y.; M. McD., CHICAGO, ILL.; T. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. S., NEWARK, N. J.; C. J. V., TRENTON, N. J.; K. R. S., LARCHMONT, N. Y.; S. V., WALL, PA.; T. F. McD., BRONX, N. Y.; A. C. K., WASHINGTON, D. C.; W. K., ASTORIA, N. Y.; J. J. D., BOSTON, MASS.; E. and G. D., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.; A. M. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.; M. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.; E. Y., MT. VERNON, N. Y.; F. S., NEWARK, N. J.; A. G., WHEELING, W. VA.; M. M. R., E. J. R., WASHINGTON, D. C.; C. A. M., LOWELL, MASS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

Communications

THE NEED OF LEADERSHIP

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

About a week ago I was on my way home from my office accompanied by a friend of mine, a non-Catholic doctor. We were strolling along leisurely, talking over various matters, when our attention was attracted by a crowd gathered about a street-evangelist. We stopped to listen for a few moments. The speaker was of the money-inspired type, for despite his affected passion, intense expression and gaudy pomp of declamation, he would frequently cast an anxious glance at the battered tin plate making its way through the crowd. Every paltry coin thereon was a grand impulse to carry on, but the sight of a green-back proved an overwhelming inspiration. The burden of his theme was: "Love God in your hearts, for that is all that matters. No need of churches or external worship."

We passed on and I noticed my friend seemed very pre-occupied in thought. I said jokingly to him: "What! were you converted in so short a space?" He looked meaningfully at me and said: "No! I was just thinking or rather wondering why it is that in our large cities every sort of religion is preached on the street-corner, and why you Catholics do not do this. You say you constitute the members of the one true Church and I really believe you are convinced of it. But if this be true why do you not try to convince others? If, for example, being a doctor I thought I had a sure cure for cancer, let us say, I would do all in my power to persuade men afflicted thus to use my remedy. Yet you Catholics insist that fidelity to your Church's teaching is the only hope of repairing the social evils of the day. It appears to me you sort of hide your religion under a bushel, especially you laymen." Honestly! I was at an utter loss for an answer. I made a few lame replies, for instance, that the clergy were competently doing all that was necessary. But it was unmistakably evident that my questioner was far from satisfied.

That evening I excused myself from a dinner party for I wanted to be alone and think matters over. I sat in my den and looked the situation squarely in the face. Here I was what men would call a good Catholic. I attended church regularly was liberal in alms-giving and donated to all reasonable causes. But looked at in the light of my medical friend's rebuke it all seemed ridiculously small. As I pondered there a little scene between my wife and me came back to me. And, by the way, she is of a truly apostolic spirit. When she received the February SIGN she insisted that I read the article on the Catholic Evidence Guild. At the time, I was engrossed in my evening paper and grunted back ungraciously between puffs of my cigar that "I was ready to sign a check for any charity she was interested in, but when it came to reading articles on street-corner preaching, I had reached my limit." Now as I sat there, this domestic flurry was vividly reenacted in my mind, so I decided I would hunt up THE SIGN, read the article, and surprise her. And forthwith I did so.

I started to read it with a sort of cynical smile, but it soon faded, my genuine interest was aroused. I read the continuance in the March copy and one particular part struck me most forcibly for it gives an analysis of my own case. I will quote it in full, "We Catholics know the truth which would remedy both ignorance and misunderstanding; and, so far as we are doing nothing to communicate the remedy we are responsible for the continuance of the disease." When I finished reading these articles I said: "Tonight's happenings were providential." I made resolution to investigate this movement and back it up with all my might and means. But, Mr. Editor, though, as, is natural, my ardor has

cooled, my determination has never wavered. However, if I and many more of my associates whom I feel absolutely sure will espouse this cause, are to succeed in doing anything, we must have intelligent direction and leadership.

Hence, I appeal to you to continue fostering and explaining this cause in your magazine, and I suggest that you take immediate action. Permit me then to congratulate you and assure you of the support of the lay-folk. I have interviewed many of my Catholic acquaintances, and I find interest is not lacking, neither is good will. Hence, all that remains necessary is, I repeat, intelligent direction and leadership.

CHICAGO, ILL.

ROBERT BRIAN LYNCH.

FOR A CATHOLIC EVIDENCE GUILD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am interested in starting an American Catholic Evidence Guild. I would like to see every man, woman and child in the entire world become a real Catholic. I say real Catholic, because there are so-called Catholics, and I was one of these latter up to the beginning of this year, but through reading a little book that cost about 25 cents or 60 cents (I don't remember exactly), entitled: "Catholic Belief," by Very Rev. J. Faa Di Bruno, D.D., and published by Benziger Bros., New York, and with which you are undoubtedly familiar, I obtained a glimpse of real Catholicity, and now my one permanent ambition is to love and serve Jesus always, by leading a good life, and learning all I possibly can about His own true Church, and by bringing as many others into it as I possibly can.

Right now in Boston there is much publicity being given in the front pages of the newspapers to the activities of an evangelist, Gipsy Smith. He has been packing audiences of twenty thousand people into Boston Garden, and turning away thousands more. Which simply proves that people are tremendously interested in religion.

It occurred to me not long ago, why wouldn't it be a good idea for Catholics to start a tremendous national campaign to make known the truths the Catholic Church teaches; what Catholics really believe; and what they *do not* believe, to vanquish the many malicious things they are credited (?) with believing and doing, by those well-meaning, perhaps, but woefully misinformed people outside the Church.

In Boston, for instance, why couldn't the Church hire Symphony Hall, or Boston Garden, not one Sunday afternoon, but every Sunday afternoon, and run big adds in the newspapers and on the billboards, inviting Protestants, Jews, atheists and agnostics and everyone to come to this neutral ground, and hear the Catholic religion expounded by men capable of fitly doing this noble work.

I am afraid the idea of "advertising" the Church in newspapers and billboards will shock many. Personally I don't see any valid reason against it. If this is a commercial country, why not use commercial methods? Many brands of cigarettes; of certain gasolines and motor oils, are made nationally popular in this way, and while not intending to be sacrilegious by seeming to lower our Church into this category, I simply mean, that since we are addressing Protestants and non-Catholics in general, why not use the means of gripping their attention that has been already successfully proven. And that is what we want primarily: to grip their attention. Then they are ready and willing to listen, and we will let them hear the truth about God and His Own true Church. They have probably listened to many false, malicious things about us, and formed a horrible opinion of us. And why? Very probably because they never heard the real truth from real Catholic sources.

I have no doubt that such a movement would receive plenty of publicity, and much of it at first might be uncomplimentary from outside sources. But the more publicity the better. That is what we want, and my opinion, based on personal observations, is that the great majority of non-Catholics are

good souls; simply misinformed about us, and therefore prejudiced. When they learn the real truth, they will become the staunchest defenders of Christ's true Church, the Roman Catholic Church. I would like to see critics such as Senator Heflin, become truly informed, and with God's grace, become as ardent supporters of His Church as they are now its maligners.

If each week, some major point of Faith was discussed and expounded, and thus explain Christ's Church's real truths, and prove the falsity of the utterings against His Church, I feel that, with God's grace, every man, woman and child in this country and eventually in the whole world would belong to the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

BOSTON, MASS.

MILFORD HARNDEN.

WHAT A LAYMAN CAN DO

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Deeply interesting was Mr. Sheed's splendid article in the March issue of *THE SIGN*. Father Purcell's editorial was much needed too. I have taken a great interest in the English Guild and can see the wonderful things accomplished by the members of the Guild.

If the layman read up the Catholic Truth Society's little books, pray and prepare under our clergy, he can meet every attack. I shall gladly do all I can as a Catholic layman. As a boy at school in the old land, with only Milner's "End of Controversy" and Newman and Father Burke, I held my own. The school-boy lessons fortified me against the threadbare assertions so often met in this country.

TIFFIN, OHIO

HARRY A. MCPOLIN.

FROM A NON-CATHOLIC

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Two articles have appeared in your magazine with the purpose, I take it, of introducing the Catholic Church to the American street corner. Though you seem to give evidence of sincerity of motive in this campaign to broadcast Catholic "Truth," still, do you really believe that the Catholic Church could endure having its linens washed upon a public thoroughfare? And do you wish us to believe that Popes Honourable and Alexander VI would take kindly to the light; that the tale of scandalous feuds among the Catholic hierarchy, e.g., between Newman and Manning; and the factional disruptions in the primitive American Catholic Church, would crowd your ranks with converts; or that a Church that is professedly monarchic would find favor in a vigorously democratic nation? Do you wish us to believe that the Catholic Church could withstand the vivisection of the analytical American business mind?

The Christian Evidence Guild may go very well in England, for the Englishman takes his Religion as he takes his morning bitters—merely as a luxury. The American looks upon religion as a business proposition, and will examine well the Catholic display of goods before committing himself.

But surely you would not have us believe that the Catholic Hierarchy would connive at an American Christian Evidence Guild. The *nihil obstat* and *imprimatur* will soon be changed to a *predicatur*; and woe unto him who would utter a word without receiving all the censures of the newly drafted body of Canon Law be upon his head!

Occasionally I amuse myself in a strange way; I talk to a Catholic layman concerning his faith. He is humbly apologetic as he adroitly maneuvers round my objections, and at no time is he well informed or militantly aggressive as Rev. Editor would desire him to be. The Catholic layman is a paradox. He has business acumen equal to that of his non-Catholic brother; he can drive a bargain; make an after-dinner speech; or navigate a doubtful proposition. But in matters of his own faith he is a crass ignoramus.

Is the Catholic layman to pilot his Church along the

hazardous course of the public street?

Let me put the matter to you squarely, Rev. Editor. Beware! Let me tender you a friendly admonition; be not too enthusiastic; take warning from the example of your illustrious predecessor, Rev. Hecker, and let the Catholic Evidence Guild peter out, as it must in course of time, lest the long arm of Italian-ridden Rome reach out—and we hear no more of Rev. Purcell.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

F. J. WARREN.

CREATE A DEMAND FOR KNOWLEDGE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Acting on your suggestion, I beg leave to offer a few comments on the article, "The Cross-Roads," by F. J. Sheed.

For sometime past it has been my ardent hope and desire that some effective means be employed to bring the Faith to our non-Catholic brethren. While undoubtedly much good is being done by the press and non-Catholic missions, yet it is my firm conviction that the overwhelming majority of non-Catholics never so much as come into contact with Catholic doctrine, let alone discuss it. True, recent politics, Eucharistic Congresses, the Roman Question, etc., have done much to put the Faith before the public eye—but, it goes without saying that unless one is actually in search of Truth or interested in things Catholic, such affairs make little or no lasting impression on the average non-Catholic mind. The vast majority are uninterested.

Now, it is to reach *this* class of people that something must be done. You will never get them to attend a non-Catholic mission in a Catholic Church; and Catholic periodicals are likely to have no more effect on them than a Protestant magazine has on the average Catholic. They don't read them. (And here it might not be out of place to remark that very few editors of Catholic magazines seem to have the non-Catholic reader in mind.)

What, then, is to be done? There seems to be but one solution: Go out among them, rub elbows with them, meet them on their own ground. *Create a demand for Catholic knowledge.*

I remember some fourteen or fifteen years ago, having witnessed what were probably the infant efforts of the Catholic Evidence Guild in London. It certainly must have been disheartening. They would talk for hours at a time to an audience that consisted for the most part of a few bystanders who sought diversion more than information. As a rule they received no response; sometimes their efforts were rewarded with jeers or, worse, contempt. Gradually things became better. The novelty wore off; the crowd increased. Catholic doctrine became better known, and as a result a more lively interest was manifested. Today, Guild speakers teach Catholic doctrine in Hyde Park with as much ease as a priest does in his pulpit. And, needless to say, the dignity of the Catholic Church has not suffered in the least from the procedure. The point I wish to emphasize is this: They went out and created a demand among those whom it would have been impossible to have reached otherwise.

Why cannot the same thing be done here in America? Our Lord Himself did not think it unbecoming His dignity to mingle with publicans and sinners in order to win their souls; why, then, should we be reluctant to go out on the street-corners, the high-ways and the by-ways, for souls? It will not injure or cheapen the Church one bit. On the contrary, it will show clearly her divine mark of apostolicity.

Since *THE SIGN* has been for so long an ardent supporter of the noble movement, and has done so much to further it, I think it appropriate that that organ and its supporters should take the initiative in launching the movement here in America.

Would not the Editor be kind enough to furnish us with an article in his magazine, on the American aspect of the movement?

SCRANTON, PA.

LAWRENCE CREIGHTON.

Personalities of the Month

WHO WERE BORN OR DIED IN APRIL

ORESTES A. BROWNSON

Philosopher and Essayist

BY SOME strange quirk of literary fortune both the name and the prodigious works of Orestes Augustus Brownson seem doomed to the oblivion of unappreciation. Yet, some fifty odd years ago the name of this great convert philosopher was held in highest esteem by the literati of post Civil War days. Many of the most notable and prominent personages of that period of the nation's history, termed by Mr. Seldes as the "stammering century," were intimates of Brownson—names such as George Bancroft, Bronson Alcott, George Ripley, Sarah Margaret Fuller, and others equally well known.

Orestes Augustus Brownson was born in Stockbridge, Vt., in 1803. His childhood was passed on a small farm among the sturdy Yankee folk of that region, most of whom were, as Brownson himself, devout Congregationalists. With few companions of his own age, the young lad developed a great fondness for reading, especially books of a religious nature. At the age of nineteen he had a fair knowledge of the essentials of grammar, a smattering of arithmetic, and could translate Vergil.

In 1822 he became a Presbyterian but soon left their communion, having been repelled by their doctrines of unconditional election and reprobation. He seems to have been going through a rather stormy period of mental affliction, for he was successively, a Calvinist, and a Universalist. He was ordained in the ministry of the latter denomination, but abandoned it in 1830 when he became associated with Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright in their war on marriage, property, and religion. His belief in Christianity lost, he became an adherent of the religion of Humanity.

Upon reading the sermons of the famous Channing he discovered that the Unitarians believed no more in Christianity than himself, and accordingly this strange youth became a Unitarian. He was made pastor of the Unitarian Church in Walpole,

N. H., but in 1834 we find him once more in the ranks of New England's own Congregationalists. Some few years later he began to publish a paper called the *Boston Quarterly Review*, in which most of the articles were written by himself and Bronson Alcott.

His trenchant writings in this journal attracted nationwide attention and brought him into close relation with the leaders of the Democratic party. Although Brownson was a staunch Democrat he disliked the name democrat, and denounced pure democracy, maintaining that government of the will whether of one or many was mere arbitrary government and therefore tyrannous and despotic. In his *Review* for July, 1840, he carried the democratic principles to their extreme logical conclusions, and urged once again the abolition of Christianity. The Whigs paraded this article gleefully as indicative of what the Democrats were aiming at; and Martin van Buren, who was candidate for reelection to the presidency, blamed it as the main cause of his defeat.

Brownson was now assailed in every paper in the land, and, his indignation aroused, he defended his theses in a masterly article in the following number of his *Review*, thus silencing the public outcry against him. Never before in his chequered career had he commanded so much attention, popularity and praise; neither, perhaps, was there any man in the United States at that moment who had a more promising career open to him. But in 1844 he turned his back upon it all and deliberately chose abliquy and ostracism by becoming a Catholic.

He now changed the name of his publication to *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. The first number was issued in January, 1844, and the last in October, 1875. The Catholic body in the United States was at that time, especially in Boston and New England, largely composed of men and women of the laboring class who had emigrated from Ireland, a country in

which they and their forefathers had suffered centuries of persecution for the Faith, and consequently felt themselves to be a too downtrodden people to raise their faces with the fearless independence of Americans native born. Moreover, if they did happen to be well to do they feared to make their religion prominent. Orestes Brownson determined to change all this, and accordingly he engaged in controversy with the leading publications of the various Protestant sects. So well did he carry out his firm resolve, and so able and intrepid a defender of the Faith did he become that he received the public approbation of all the American bishops of the Baltimore Council.

In 1854 he wrote his famous "Spirit Rapper" which remains to this day unsurpassed as an exposé of the frauds of spiritism and other visionary reforms. He also published "The Convert; or, Leaves From My Experience," which told in an imitable manner the story of his life to the day of his conversion to Catholicism. He published his last article in January, 1876, and died at Detroit in April of the same year.

Brownson was accredited with having originated a system of philosophy by plagiarism; but he ever disclaimed this charge, and freely acknowledged whatever he borrowed from others. Furthermore, he had arrived at the substantial tenets of his later philosophical writings long before he had heard of Gioberti.

* * * * *

CORNELIA CONNELLY

Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus

TRUTH, so the old saying has it, is stranger than fiction. The life of Mother Connelly is evident proof of that. Seldom does one find mixed in any one life story the elements that went to make up the chequered career of this heroic woman. Fashionable beauty, wife, mother, and finally foundress of a flourishing religious community, she nearly ran the gamut of human experience.

Cornelia Peacock was born in

Philadelphia in 1809, the youngest of six children of a wealthy and distinguished Protestant family of Yorkshire extraction. Her father and mother both died before she was fifteen years of age and, the elder sons and daughters being now settled in life, Cornelia was adopted by her half-sister, a Mrs. Montgomery. The young orphan was educated at home, and made rapid progress in her studies.

At the age of twenty-three she married a young Episcopalian clergyman, Pierce Connelly, and went to Natchez, Miss., where they made their home. While dwelling there, a chance occasion brought them into contact with a convent of nuns close by, and roused their interest in Catholicism. Four years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Connelly were received into the Catholic Church.

This turn of events naturally deprived Pierce Connelly of his occupation, and the young couple took advantage of this temporary leisure to visit Europe and, especially, Rome. Two years were spent traveling about on the Continent when news of financial failure brought them back to America and the sterner realities in life. In June, 1838, Mr. Connelly was engaged as professor of English at the Jesuit College at Grand Coteau, while his wife taught music to the pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent in the same town. They lived with their three children in a nearby cottage, and, the joy of religion increasing their natural happiness, their home became a center of peace, love, and edification.

Life ran along smoothly in this manner for some two years when one October morning, in 1840, while walking home from Mass with his wife, Pierce Connelly told her of his urgent and long unsatisfied desire for a ministry more glorious than that to which he had consecrated himself in his youth. He wanted to be a Catholic priest and he implored Cornelia to make this possible for him by herself entering a convent. Needless to say the mind and heart of the young mother were thrown into confusion. Thoughts of breaking up her happy home, of leaving her children, of separation from her beloved husband tortured her for days before she finally gave her consent.

Such action is allowed by the Church only on extremely rare occa-

sions and after the most careful investigation. Pierce Connelly's confessor advised calm consideration and much humble prayer that the will of God might be manifest in an affair of such moment. And nearly five years were to pass before Pope Gregory XVI gave his consent to the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Connelly.

Cornelia, now undecided as to her own future, had retired to the convent of the Trinità with her two youngest children. While here she conceived the plan of founding a congregation of women who should devote their lives to the education of children. She was encouraged in her efforts by Cardinal Wiseman of Westminster who had long been seeking for some means of improving the educational conditions for Catholic girls in England. The Earl of Shrewsbury was also much interested in the question, and these two men saw in Mrs. Connelly a solution to the problem.

In 1846 she left Italy for England to start her work at the home which had been purchased in Derby. She was soon joined by three young aspirants eager to give themselves to the noble cause, and the little community was formed. Cornelia, now Mother Connelly, was made first superior. The constraint of the past few years was removed and all the former gaiety of this splendid woman blossomed anew.

This was not to be for long, however. The recently ordained Father Connelly weakened in his high aspirations, and driven by worldly ambitions, he began to hanker after his former life and attempted to regain his influence over his wife. Failing in this, he suddenly removed their children to Italy with himself, hoping thus to induce her to leave the convent. The anxiety and grief of the poor mother were terrible, but she was adamant. Various other means were tried by this worthless man, appeals to Rome and court proceedings to reclaim his wife. He apostatised, and returned to Protestantism. In 1852 he addressed an appeal to the House of Commons, but nothing came of it. He died in 1883 as rector of the Protestant American Church in Florence. It would be superfluous to comment on the agony and suffering which these events caused Mother Connelly.

All trouble from her husband having ceased in 1854, the broken hearted foundress was able to give more at-

tention to the plans she had shaped for her society, and by 1864 she had ten flourishing convents in England. In the meantime she was also forming a basic curriculum which should be followed in all the schools of the society. In 1862 she saw the fulfillment of her dearest wish—a convent in America. This was effected through the generosity of Louisa, Duchess of Leeds, who donated an estate in Towanda, Pa. The last work which Mother Connelly performed was to negotiate for a convent in Paris, in 1876. Soon after this her health gave way under the strain of her arduous labors and for the remaining years of her life she was a confirmed invalid.

She died at the age of seventy, April 18, 1879, on the anniversary of the day which marked her setting out for England to do her great work for God and the education of youth.

* * * * *

DOM JOHN HUDDLESTON *Benedictine Monk*

PERSONS who have read that charming historical romance, "Mr. Coleman, Gent.", by Enid Dinis, will recall Father Huddleston as the priest who saved the life of Charles II after the defeat at Worcester, and who saved his soul at the hour of death.

John Huddleston was born in Lancashire, at Farington Hall, April 15, 1608. Very little is known of his youth, and of that meagre history much is disputed. He himself tells us that he was educated at the School of Great Blencow near Hutton John, until his fifteenth year, after which he was sent to Saint Omer's College, and in 1632 he entered the English College at Rome. He was ordained priest in 1637 and returned to England in 1639, where he became chaplain to the Whitgreave family of Mosely, Staffordshire. It was while thus engaged in 1651 that Father Huddleston saved the life of King Charles who was fleeing from the soldiers of Cromwell. In gratitude Charles promised to befriend the humble priest if ever restored to his throne.

A short time after this took place, Huddleston became a Benedictine of the Spanish Congregation and in 1661 he was elected to the dignity of cathedral prior of Worcester. At the Restoration in 1660 he was appointed chaplain to the Queen Dowager,

Henrietta-Maria, and after her death became chaplain to Queen Catherine.

During the disturbances caused by the pretended revelations of Titus Oates, the House of Lords, by a vote on December 7, 1678, ordered that Dom Huddleston and certain others instrumental in the preservation of the life of his Majesty after the battle of Worcester should for that service live as freely as any of the king's Protestant subjects, without being liable to any laws in force against the Papists. Both Burnet and Barillon state that Father Huddleston was exempted by name from all acts of Parliament against recusant priests.

When Charles II lay dying "upon Thursday the fifth of February, between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening," James, the Duke of York, brought Huddleston to the bedside of the monarch, saying, "Sir, this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul." Charles received him gladly and declared emphatically that he wished to die in the faith and communion of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Huddleston heard his confession, reconciled him to the Church, absolved him, and then administered the Viaticum.

On the accession of James, Huddleston still continued to reside at Somerset House. The exact date of his death is unknown but he was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary le Strand in September 1698.

Numerous contemporary writers,

including Pepys and Anthony a Wood, mention Father Huddleston with respect, and there seems little ground for Macaulay's contention that the priest was ignorant and illiterate.

* * * * *

FATHER JAMES FITTON

New England Missionary

THIS indefatigable New England missionary was born in Boston on April 10, 1805. His father Abraham Fitton had emigrated from Preston, England, and settled in Massachusetts. His mother was of Welsh origin and a convert to the Faith.

Young Fitton received his primary education in the public schools of Boston, while his secondary studies were made at Claremont, N. H., at an academy conducted by the well-known Virgil Horace Barber, an early New England convert to the Catholic Church. He expressed a desire for the priesthood and was taught his theology by the great bishop, Benedict Fenwick, by whom he was ordained in 1827.

Thenceforward for nearly a quarter of a century the whole of New England, narrow-minded and bigoted as it was in so many localities, became the theater of zealous Father Fitton's extraordinarily successful missionary labors. Carrying a valise containing vestments, chalice and all other necessities for Mass, his breviary under

his arm, this intrepid priest traveled, generally afoot, the length and breadth of New England. There was scarcely any town or city of that part of the country that he missed; from Eastport and the New Brunswick line on the northeast to Burlington and Lake Champlain on the northwest; from Boston on the east to Great Barrington and the Berkshires on the west; and from Providence through Connecticut to the New York line on the south.

In the course of his ministry and his arduous journeys he was often exposed to insult and hardship, but this great souled missionary considered these as trifles when it was a question of working for Almighty God. He was successively pastor of the first Catholic churches in Hartford and in Worcester. He erected the Church of Our Lady of the Isle at Newport. In 1840, while working in and about Worcester, he purchased the present magnificent site of Holy Cross College, whereon he erected a school for young men. In 1842, however, he deeded the land over to the Jesuit Fathers.

In 1855 Father Fitton was appointed pastor of the church of the Most Holy Redeemer in East Boston. Here he labored the remaining twenty-six years of his life. But his missionary zeal and desire to do big things for the cause of Christ in America were ever seeking an outlet and before he died, in 1881, he built four more churches.



Dead At Fifty

"HE WASN'T A RICH MAN, YOU KNOW"

HMAN—we will call him Mr. K., that being far enough from his name — died the other day; and he was fifty years old. Many men die at fifty. That is not strange — his dying, I mean.

Nor is it strange or unusual or unique that Mr. K.'s entire life, from the cradle to the grave, had been a preparation for one thing and another — for him nothing was ever quite finished, ever quite satisfactory. There was always tomorrow and tomorrow. Most of us are like that, in varying degree.

By JEROME HARTE BOSMAN

The world called Mr. K. a prudent man, an ambitious man, a forward-looking man.

And, by and bye, they called him a rich man.

* * * * *

When he was an infant, others were planning his future for him. Getting him ready for it. Always. He was puny—they kept him on a pillow surrounded by hot stone jars, and they fed him special milk preparations. Every day they weighed

him carefully, checking up on yesterday, and talking to the doctor about it when he came. The infant's life was so important to his parents that the doctor had to come every day! If the fraction of an ounce had been lost in weight, the house was in a turmoil; if a fraction had been gained, the house sighed with prodigious relief.

His parents, you see, were afraid they would be unable to raise him. They kept saying: "It will be wonderful when he is over his first summer!" and "How thankful we shall be when he is done teething!" "Oh,

my dear, when he can creep . . . !"

He lived. He was taken off the hot pillows. He was two years old. Three. Four. His elders now began to look forward to the time when he should be strong enough and old enough to go to school. They told him that, by and bye, he might eat all the things he was not allowed to eat now, and play all the games he was not yet old enough to play—they safeguarded him against measles and scarlet fever and chicken pox and mumps. They said: "He is not a strong baby and he would die if he got those terrible childish diseases!"

But he caught every one of them, in spite of precautions. And he did not die.

Then, he was in school. Kindergarten; grammar; high. There were hours when he must study his lessons, hours when he must exercise, hours when he must go to bed. Someone was forever planning for him; forever looking ahead. He heard: "When you have passed your examinations," "When vacation time comes," "When you are in college." And then: "When you have graduated from college!"

Mile stones! mile stones!

They said he was not a strong boy. He had a tubercular strain, oh! they were certain he had! He got it from his grand-aunt Martha's side of the family!

He slept out of doors this year, that he might sleep under a roof next; he wore spectacles, so he could go without them when he was a man; he was not allowed to play tennis or do gym because, they said, they wanted his heart to be strong enough to play golf when he was older.

Well, if he had a tubercular strain, it never attained to fruition; he wore glasses, anyway, when he was forty, because every man of forty he knew wore horn-rimmed spectacles—it was being done; and he never cared for games of any sort.

STILL, wise older heads had mapped out the future for him. Theirs not the fault if he did not live according to their plan!

There was more; about smoking and drinking. He was to get five hundred dollars when he was twenty-one, if he never touched a cigarette until then. "They will stunt your growth!" When he was twelve years old, he began to look forward to the day when he might smoke. He talked a great deal about it. "When I am

twenty-one, I'll smoke Turkish cigarettes!" "Will smoke Virginia tobacco!" "I'll smoke this and that."

He beat the time limit by five years. He was sixteen and six foot tall, then. He decided to smoke.

All the long years I knew him he was going to give up smoking! "Bad for the heart!" he would say. "Fellow should get ready for old age. Make it a healthier old age if you leave the filthy weed alone!" But he never did.

Drinking he started about a year after he began to smoke. He was in college, then, and hemmed around with do's and don't's. He was to have had a thousand dollars when he was twenty-one, if he neither smoked nor drank till then. You see he did himself out of fifteen hundred dollars.

He spent his whole life making up that fifteen hundred! He made it up and made it up.

Long before he was through his college course, he was planning what he should do after it. There was his FUTURE. He thought of it in capitals; his people spoke of it in capitals. They argued professions and businesses with him.

"A man must make good!" they said.

"A fellow must get on," he agreed. Today was lived only for tomorrow.

* * * * *

College was done. K. was in Wall Street. K. was married.

People spoke of him as lucky. "Not yet thirty," they would say, "and he's making ten thousand a year, if he's making a cent; has a beautiful wife with a little money of her own; a wide circle of friends; an established social position, if you care about things like that; and fine health. What more could a man ask?"

K. could and did ask more. He was never satisfied.

He came home at night with a frown between his eyes, and often sat all evening with his head in his hands, worrying because he was not "getting on"; or with pencil and paper he would figure endlessly. He was making so much this year, and he was saving so much. My God, it wasn't enough! Next year he must make more, they must save more.

They must prepare for the future. Get ready for old age. "The more money I can make, the more we must save!" Let other young couples spend more if they made more, but

that was never the way with K.

His wife was gay and lovely. She wanted pretty clothes; she wanted a good time; she wanted to entertain their friends.

But he said: "Oh, no! By and bye, we can spend money giving parties for our friends, but now is the time to spend any money we have to spend on people who will do me good in a business way! Get me a partnership; put me next to big deals."

His wife dropped her friends and entertained butter-and-egg men and their wives; she sighed, and looked forward to the day when the Big Chance would come to her husband and she could begin having guests she liked to dine with them.

The day never came, for the Chance was grasped and found wanting, and there were always other ambitions to foster, other paths to climb on the backs of people who were already on their way.

PRETTY soon they hadn't any friends, really. For friends must be nurtured for themselves, not for what they can bring a man.

Mrs. K. would say: "I do not see why I cannot spend all my own income on myself and dress as nicely as I wish, but hubby insists that I save so much each quarter! Oh, I know it is splendid to have money laid by for a rainy day and K. is very wise, but I do get so tired of cheap dresses and cheap cuts and canned vegetables when fresh ones are high!"

She never had a jewel, but she owned stocks and bonds. Oh, the stocks and bonds were all right!

When he was forty, Mr. K. had amassed quite a fortune. He used to chuckle and say: "If I were to die tomorrow, people would be surprised to learn how much I had to leave!"

They bought a car; moved into a better house; had servants.

But every year, they set aside more than half their income. K. began to talk of the day when he would have saved enough to retire on.

"Oh, no, we never go to the theater or to a concert," his wife would say. "I'd love it, but it costs too much. By and bye . . ."

"What's the use of giving to charity?" demanded K. "More than half you give goes into the pockets of the workers who don't need it, and the starving go on starving! So, I don't give 'em anything. It is too difficult to discriminate.

"Of course, some day, when I'm so rich it won't matter."

Some day. Some day.

It was necessary for K. to make a will. He left all his money to his wife, of course. But she might go first. So, he had to plan where his money would go if she died before he did; and where it was to go after she had died and left it. He said he did not wish any of her people or of his to get a cent of it.

"I've made it myself!" he would cry. "Every penny! No one helped me! Why, there was that fifteen hundred dollars I was to receive if I never smoked or drank till I was twenty-one—did anyone offer me a dollar for *trying*? They did not!"

He made many wills. He made bequests in these wills to this associate and to that, for favors received, but he fell out with men, so the will had to be changed, again and again.

If you knew K., you said to people: "Well! are you still in K.'s will, or have you been taken out? I suppose he will leave something tidy when he goes!"

"He's close enough!"

"People will be surprised to see how much I have, when I am gone!" he would boast.

BUT he went on scraping and saving.

By and bye, K. was forty-five, and he had enough saved up to retire on. Mrs. K. was so happy she sang and danced. "We can take a little house in the country and have a garden! You won't have to go to business every day! You have worked too hard. Or we can travel — go to Egypt!"

"It has been worth while going without good clothes and good food and fun to arrive at this moment of security and rest!"

K.'s hands trembled above his bank books and the keys to his safety deposit boxes.

"Why, we haven't enough money to stop!" he quivered. "Spend it all and have nothing left for our old age? Don't be a fool!"

"Don't be a fool yourself!" she laughed. "You know we can live on the income from what we have saved—we need never touch the principle! It is more than enough!"

But he was furious.

"Women don't understand!" he whined. "If I stopped, we'd go to the poorhouse!"

So, they never went to Egypt, or had a house in the country; K. never retired. Mrs. K. never had jewelry or better clothes. He kept promising her: "Wait a few years longer. Then we will have saved enough so you can make a fool of yourself!"

They saved and saved. For tomorrow.

Tomorrow never came.

* * * * *

When K. was forty-six, something epoch-making happened to him—he became religious. Heretofore, he had always been irreligious. It softened him, somewhat. He let his wife give of her own income to charity, now—she had always been religious and charitably inclined—but that was as far as he would go. Piety had not loosed his purse strings.

"Why, I get appeals in every mail!" he protested. "How is one to discriminate? When I am a millionaire . . ."

He made a will leaving all his money to charity. Mrs. K. was to have only the income during her lifetime, if she lived after him. She did not know, now, how much he was worth. Since that day when she had so foolishly suggested his retiring and living on the income from their years of saving, he had never confided to her the proportions to which their fortune was climbing.

He demanded only that she save and save.

"Are you very rich?" his wife would tease him.

He'd throw out his chest. "People will be surprised to see how much I have left, when I am dead!"

"Well! Let's have a good time while we are living! Let's . . ."

"There you go, again! My God!

Spending . . . spending. . . ."

K. had always prepared for the morrow. Now that he had become religious, he prepared for death. He did it thoroughly and well. If ever a man's soul was in order, I think K.'s was when he came to die. Let us say that for him, anyway.

Except for charity, he practiced all the Christian virtues.

Mrs. K. died first. She was not yet fifty years old, and her friends wept and said: "Poor darling, now she will never enjoy the money for which she scrimped and sacrificed all her married life! Some other woman will probably step in and get it—that is the way of the world!"

But K. died, too; not long after his wife, and before he could marry, again. When his will was read, it was learned that he had indeed left his fortune to a large charity organization to be dispensed in whatever manner its officers thought best.

The will was probated; and whatever heirs there were let charity have all that K. had willed them.

They said they were glad K.'s money was to be enjoyed, at last!

HAS talking to B., one of the trustees of the charity organization's funds. Said A.: "Well, I see poor K.'s money has all been left to the poor!"

"Just about all. And his wife's."

"Well!" A. cried, jocularly, "I suppose you don't exactly scorn what we poor devils die and leave you!"

"Every dollar helps."

"By the way, how much did K. leave?"

"Oh, only about a quarter of a million all told, I should say. He wasn't a rich man, you know!"

To Mary

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

HERE are violets for you,
God has wet them with His dew;
And amid the dewdrops here
You will find one little tear.

Mine the violets are not,
I have filched them from His plot,
But the tear could never be
Wept by Him but only me.

So when violets are dead—
Others God will give instead—
Keep this tear of mine to show
How one sinner loved you so.

Notre Dame de Rocamadour

A WORLD-FAMOUS SHRINE OF OUR LADY

With Three Drawings by the Author

By PETER F. ANSON

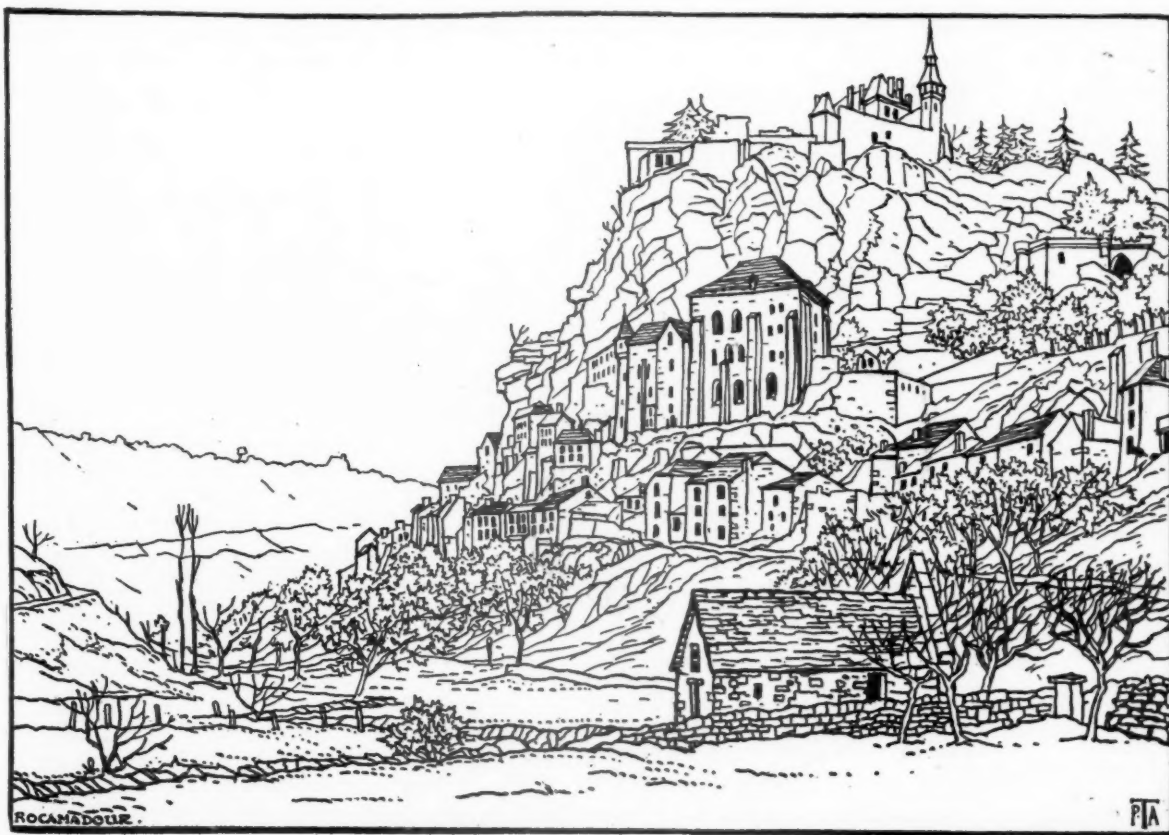
RIGHT in the heart of that curious rocky country known as the Causse de Grammat in the department of Lot lies the once world famous shrine of Notre Dame de Rocamadour. At certain periods during the Middle Ages there was no shrine of Our Lady anywhere in Europe so frequented as that of Rocamadour. Today its glory is overshadowed by that of Lourdes and other sanctuaries of more recent date. Nevertheless all through the summer months the little village is still crowded with pious pilgrims from different parts of France. The whole place is so extraordinarily interesting and so redolent, even today, of the spirit of the Middle Ages, that it is well worth

while to make a pilgrimage to Rocamadour should one ever be in that part of France.

The village lies on the railroad from Paris to Toulouse which branches off from the main line at Brive. The main highway from Paris to Toulouse, should one be motoring, passes not very far from Rocamadour, through the town of Souillac.

A strange barren land is the Causse de Grammat, flat and desolate; in other words a high table land of rock, so deeply fissured through and through that no stream flows across it. The water sinks down through cracks in the soil and forms under-

ground rivers, which themselves flow through vast caverns, such as those at Padirac. The road from the spur railway to the village winds over a stony uneven plain where scant pasture is found for sheep but where it is difficult to grow any crops. Soon one comes in sight of a group of houses with a church in the midst. This is the hamlet of l'Hospitalet, so called from the Hospice of St. John which once stood here to welcome pilgrims as they tramped the long roads of Europe on their way to Notre Dame de Rocamadour. Then, suddenly, the road turns a corner and on our right we find ourselves on the very edge of a deep gorge (what in Colorado would be called a canyon) whose walls are almost precipitous



GENERAL VIEW OF ROCAMADOUR, SHOWING CHATEAU, SANCTUARIES AND VILLAGE

and whose depth is about four to five hundred feet.

Right ahead, perched on the rock stands the chateau and village of Rocamadour itself: perhaps the most picturesquely situated of any village in France not excepting the now famous Mont St. Michel in Normandy. The road twists and turns

and eventually arrives at the village, which consists of one long street of houses, most of them very old. There are several excellent hotels, but should one happen to arrive in the middle of a large pilgrimage it is practically impossible to get a bed anywhere, for Rocamadour does not boast of anything like the accommo-

dations of Lourdes, for instance.

And what is the origin of this amazing sanctuary that clings so precipitously to the rocky and overhanging cliff above us? Its legendary history goes back to the first century.

Some time after the Ascension of Our Lord, St. Martial, who eventually became first bishop of Limoges, was sent into Gaul by St. Peter. Among those who accompanied him was a certain *Amator* or Amadour and his wife Veronica. Later on pious historians began to identify Amator with Zaccheus, the publican of Jericho. Amator and his wife settled in Médoc, but after the death of Veronica, he himself withdrew to what is now the Causse de Grammat where he ended his days as a hermit in a cave where now stands the chapel of Notre Dame. The tradition states that here he built an altar in honor of Our Lady which was consecrated by St. Martial of Limoges. This primitive altar remains hidden behind the modern altar in the "chapelle miraculeuse." For several centuries the little chapel of Rocamadour remained unknown except to the neighboring inhabitants. It eventually became the possession of the Abbey of Tulle after a long dispute with the Abbey at Marcihac which claimed right of ownership. Suddenly, in the year 1166, a great sensation was caused by the discovery of the uncorrupt body of St. Amadour himself. This was placed in the Church of Our Lady and before very long such remarkable miracles began to be worked that the fame of Rocamadour reached even to England and in the year 1170 King Henry II came here in pilgrimage.

FOR the next three or four hundred years there was no shrine in Europe with the exception of St. James at Compostella, in Spain, which attracted such crowds of pilgrims.

We have records that among the saints who came here to pray in the little chapel of Our Lady were St. Bernard, St. Anthony of Padua, and St. Dominic. The latter may have visited Rocamadour more than once, but it is certain that he passed through here in 1219 after he had successfully planted his First and Second Orders at Toulouse and Prouille and was on his way to Paris before going on to Rome.

During the Hundred Years War the English spared the chapel of



THE PATH LEADING TO THE PILGRIMS' HOSTEL

Rocamadour "even though it was very rich, for they were religious folk the English," writes the Chronicler. But later on, in 1368, the English did attack the town, as it is related by Froissart, and the inhabitants were forced to surrender. For two centuries after this, Rocamadour was left in peace, but in the sixteenth century it was attacked by the Huguenots who sacked and burnt everything they could lay hands on, including the body of St. Amadour which they destroyed. But the precious image of Our Lady and miraculous bell were hidden and escaped.

From then onwards to our own day Rocamadour has continued to attract pilgrims despite the popularity of other shrines of more recent date, and their number shows no sign of diminishing.

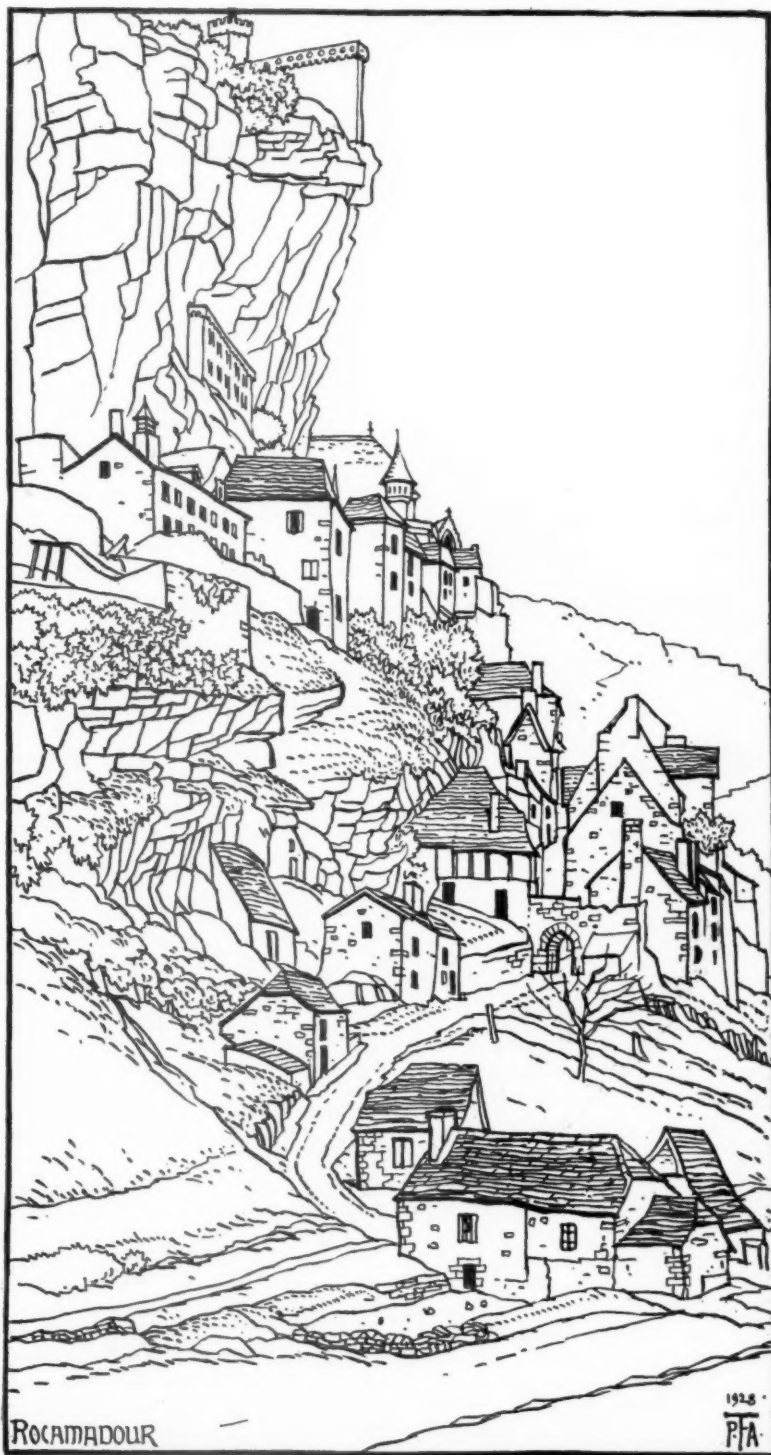
THE village still bears traces of its importance in the middle ages. The gateway and part of the fortifications are standing and there are many of the old houses.

To reach the actual sanctuary it is necessary to climb the Great Staircase of 216 steps. Until recent days pilgrims always ascended these steps on their knees, reciting the Rosary and Ave on each step. After mounting the first 140 steps one arrives at a little square with numerous shops where articles of devotion are sold. The remaining 66 steps pass through the great entrance of what was once the palace of the Bishops of Tulle, now much restored, until at length they reach the so-called Parvis of St. Amadour, a courtyard of irregular shape, and from which the steps continue up to the Parvis de Notre Dame, where stands the Miraculous Chapel and the Tomb of St. Amadour. After Rocamadour had been laid waste by the Huguenots the Bishop's Palace lay in ruins until the middle of the last century when it was restored and rebuilt in its present form by Msgr. Grimardias, Bishop of Cahors, in whose diocese Rocamadour is now situated.

Grouped around the Parvis St. Amadour are several small chapels: St. Anne, St. John the Evangelist and St. Blaise and St. John the Baptist. On the opposite side lies the entrance to the subterranean church of St. Amadour which is a crypt beneath the upper Basilica of St. Savior. The latter is an eleventh century building consisting of a double nave divided

by two pillars. So great are the crowds of pilgrims that frequently assemble at Rocamadour that spacious

wooden galleries have been built all round the church to accommodate them and add much to the pictur-



ROCAMADOUR AS SEEN FROM THE LOWER APPROACH

esqueness of the ancient interior.

But of all the chapels of Rocamadour the most sacred of all is that of Our Lady, commonly known as the *Chapelle Miraculeuse* (the miraculous chapel). Indeed, few sanctuaries in Europe can vie with it for antiquity and historic associations. It is built right up against the rock and dates from the fifteenth century. For the former chapel was destroyed by a landslide. It is quite small and has little or no architectural beauty within. Above the altar stands the ancient statue of Our Lady whose origin is unknown. It is made of wood, crude in design and quite black with age. From the roof hangs innumerable banners and the walls are covered with hundreds of *ex voto* offerings. High up in the roof is the miraculous bell said to have been brought here by St. Amadour himself and which all antiquarians are agreed is of great antiquity. Again and again has this bell rung miraculously, as if touched by some unseen hand, on the occasion of any great storm at sea. The first authenticated instance of this is in 1385. A few weeks afterwards pilgrims arrived at Rocamadour to thank Our Lady for deliverance from shipwreck on the very day on which the bell had rung. During the sixteenth century there are no less than ten cases of the miraculous ringing of the bell and the subsequent arrival later of pilgrims in thanksgiving from shipwreck. The Bretons have always had a great devotion to this shrine. Not far from Brest there is a little chapel by the sea, known as Roche Amadour. And even though Rocamadour itself is so far inland, yet there are several *ex voto* model ships hanging from the smoke blackened roof of the *Chapelle Miraculeuse*, as a witness of the devotion to Our Lady Star of the Sea at Rocamadour whose bell is rung by the prayers of those in peril on the ocean.

HERE is another chapel, of St. Michael, which must not be passed over. It is one of the oldest and certainly not the least interesting. It is reached by a narrow staircase hewn out of the very rock itself. Within are some curious old frescoes on the walls of the apse, which date from not later than the twelfth century.

Not far from the chapels lies the Pilgrims Hostel which is approached by a narrow pathway cut out of the

cliff which literally overhangs the hostel itself in the most dangerous looking manner! From the windows of its tiny rooms, there is a marvelous and quite indescribable view. The village of Rocamadour lies some three hundred feet or more below while above is the overhanging cliff of limestone.

Before leaving Rocamadour a visit should be made to the chateau which dominates the whole sanctuary and which now serves as a residence for the diocesan missionaries who are attached to the sanctuary. It can be reached by the Way of the Cross, built on the steep path up the cliff. The view from the lofty tower of the chateau is something never to be

forgotten, unlike anything else in Europe.

But indeed Rocamadour, the *rupes amateris*, is a unique spot and where one is transported immediately to a France of many centuries ago, and where one can realize perhaps better than anywhere else what Europe must have been like in the Ages of Faith. If you wish to prove this for yourself go on pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Rocamadour next time you are in Europe and pray in this little chapel where for so many centuries Our Lady has been invoked and honored by millions of pilgrims, and where she has shown so many visible signs of her gracious protection of mankind.



A Throw of the Dice

SOMETHING MORE THAN A GAME

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

THE Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, The Stations of the Cross, the customary Lenten Sermons on the Passion bring out in bold relief what may be called the great sufferings of Our Lord. They depict His bitter Agony, His cruel Scourging, His shameful Crowning with Thorns, His labor and pain in bearing the heavy Cross and His lingering Death on that gibbet. In these meditations Christian piety finds ample reasons for compassionating Him and for practicing the virtues exemplified by Him.

Still another impulse should be born of these considerations — a desire to know more about this great Mystery of Love. For while certain sufferings of Our Lord were greater than others, it would hardly be proper to say that the lesser are of no importance. That would be to judge suffering in terms of tears, and blood and physical pain. There are sorrows that lie too deep for words, that find no outlet in tears—sufferings all the more cruel in that they excite no sympathy and receive no alleviation. We cannot doubt that there were many such in the Passion of Our Lord.

There is one event, recorded by all the Evangelists — Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Each of them noted it and wrote it down under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. This is an extraordinary fact, for St. John makes no mention of the Agony and St. Luke says nothing of the Scourging and the Crowning with Thorns. What is more remarkable is the fact that centuries before the holy Prophet David foretold it in the twenty-first Psalm, the Psalm which begins, "O, God, My God, look upon me: why hast Thou forsaken me?" and which many commentators believe was recited by Our Lord on the Cross. In it occurs these words, that describe the incident recorded by all the Evangelists, "They divided My garments among them and upon my vesture they cast lots." As soon as the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they knelt at the foot of the Cross and began to gamble for the possession of His garments.

TO REALIZE the cruelty of this, we must remember what Jesus was then suffering. Experience shows that great sufferings can be borne in patience, until some slight irritation makes them well-nigh unbearable.

Men have endured great pain with fortitude and courage until some added trivial circumstance makes them break out into mournings and complaints. A light shining in the eyes, the fluttering of a curtain, the hum of conversation, the ticking of a clock, even little things done for their comfort — these things, ordinarily quite negligible and unnoticed, have swept away self-restraint and changed men of endurance into querulous nerveless sufferers. Here then was Jesus stretched upon a Cross, drained of His strength and forced to look upon these inhuman soldiers gambling for His few possessions.

THE indifference of it laid a chill upon His Heart. The feelings of common humanity should have urged them to wait, for death could not be far off. But Jesus was obliged to look on men gloating over His Death—men who were glad that He was dying so that they might possess the only things He owned in this world. There is an interior strength in suffering persecution for justice's sake. Cheerfulness with sallies of humor has characterized the death of many such martyrs. But no death had nobler motives, was to achieve such results as the Death of the Son of God. Hatred, injustice, cruelty—all the elements that entered into His condemnation He could bear for the cause and the vision that was before Him. But what a chilling effect on enthusiasm, what a diminution in the joy of achievement to see men who look upon His death as only a means to satisfy their greed.

The soldiers divided Our Lord's garments among them, but for the possession of His coat they gambled. This was too fine a garment to divide for it was woven without a seam from top to bottom. They saw its excellent workmanship and value. But if it was precious to them, how much more so to Jesus, for it was the work of Mary His Mother. She had worked over it; with loving fingers she had made it a garment fit for her Son and her God. We think of all the vestment and altar-cloths made by the pious of every age to clothe the priests and to adorn the altars of God. But all the love and devotion that went into the making of them are not to be compared with the love that moved the skillful fingers of Mary in fashioning this garment for Him Who clothes the

fields with beauty and the Heavens with splendor.

What thoughts must have filled the mind of Jesus as each soldier in turn strove for the possession of this treasured garment. What memories of those far-off happy days at Nazareth when He was alone with His Mother, when He daily received the tribute of her love—the purest and holiest love that ever came to Him from the heart of a creature. The poet assures us and experience bears him out that: "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is to remember better things." So the sight of that coat increased the sufferings of Our Lord by bringing to Him memories of happier days in His Home at Nazareth.

This garment also represented to Him His spotless, undivided Church. With the labor of His years and the pain of His Passion He had made it a thing of beauty. As St. Paul says, "He loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life: that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. 5:25-27.) As the second Adam He was soon to enter the deep sleep of death that from His Side might come forth the Bride "the wife of the Lamb," His one Holy Church. But in the feverish gambling of the soldiers, He saw the heretics and schismatics of the centuries to come, who would soil and tear His Church to satisfy their greed or their pride. Painful beyond words then were the thoughts suggested by the action of these soldiers. The Psalm that prophesied the division of His garment and the gambling for His vesture ends with consoling thoughts of the praise He would receive "in a great Church." (Ps. 21:26.) But even this comfort was embittered by the thought of souls kept from the full fruits of the Redemption that was to be given through His Seven Sacraments and the authoritative voice of Truth.

He saw also the sin of gambling and its evil, cruel consequences. The sin of these soldiers represented to Him the very thing He came to cure—the lust for earthly possessions, the insane desire for gain. The gambler like these soldiers, would be indifferent to the affairs of his soul, absorbed in material gain while blind to the great Mystery of Redemption before

his eyes. It is a selfish, brutal vice. It brings poverty on wife and children and leads father and mother in sorrow to a premature grave. It is the cause of countless quarrels and even cold-blooded murders. It is impossible to gauge the misery and the sorrow, the sins and the crimes that it has caused. All these things were present to the mind of Jesus as He saw the game in progress.

In them, too, He saw other gamblers and other stakes—souls redeemed by His Blood gambling with the precious gifts He had bought—the precious garment of sanctifying grace, the priceless gift of Faith, His promises of everlasting life. Painfully He looked on and saw these souls gambling with these treasures in order to possess the tinselled trifles of this world. For gambling is nothing else, but risking one thing to gain another. And every soul that seeks the occasions of sin is a gambler, is taking a chance on losing that precious garment of sanctifying grace.

Every soul that reads books dangerous to Faith is a gambler, is taking a chance on losing that divine gift. Souls that prepare carelessly for the Sacrament of Penance are gamblers. They have their counterpart in these soldiers who with an indifference that horrifies us, played a game while the great Mystery of Salvation was enacted before their eyes. Gamblers too, are those who, offered a religious vocation, choose to risk their salvation in the dangers and temptations of the world. They may win in the end, not indeed through their own skill, but through the mercy of God. But their choice has forever lost them the richer rewards of having helped souls as zealous priests or saintly religious. Thus did the mind of Jesus look beyond the game taking place at the foot of the Cross and see things most afflicting to His Heart. Grievously tormented was He by the sight of those who would gamble, not for His poor garments, but with His Grace, His Blood. He is truly deserving of our sympathy in His sorrow. But He is consoled only by those who take His Passion and Death seriously, who value the gifts of grace purchased by Him, who use them with fervor and preserve them with care.

NOT without reason, then, did those who depicted the instruments of the Passion in the Ages of Faith include the Dice. They hold

a place along with the Pillar and the Scourge, the Hammer and the Nails. They caused no Blood to flow, they came not near His bruised and aching Body. But they brought thoughts more painful than thorns, more cruel than the scourge, and more bitter than the gall. These were welcome instruments to Him; they were sought and embraced by Him in all their

bruising force to the end that He might make salvation a certainty for every human soul. But the Dice showed Him all the frivolity, carelessness, rashness, worldliness by which men would risk their salvation. They would make as uncertain as a throw of the dice what He suffered to make a certainty. And He could not help but see that many would be

losers in this most dangerous of games. True lovers of the Crucified should recall the painful thoughts He endured as He watched the soldier's game in progress and they should heed the advice of the Apostle Peter: "Wherefore, brethren, labor the more that by good works you may make sure your calling and election." (2 PETER 1:10.)



The Autobiography of a "Red"

FROM PALE ABSTRACTIONS TO PRINCIPLES

By CHARLES F. FERGUSON

IT MUST be confessed that I look back to the days when I was active in Radical movements with a certain pleasure. We were young and enthusiastic. The Social Revolution for which we were working was supposed to be close at hand. Already the dawn tinged the horizon and filled us with unbounded hopes. All our dreary capitalistic civilization was to be swept away as by magic and out of the ruins was to rise a better and a happier world in which men would live in brotherhood with one another and in the enjoyment of a wider freedom. We were kept busy and excited by meetings and committees. Our papers keyed us up by their reports of what was happening in the Movement elsewhere. All was going well, we felt, even when the older elements in society showed themselves powerful. Opposition added to the fun of the game. There was danger in it. We were, as we knew, playing with fire, but the adventurousness of the enterprise constituted its chief charm. We looked with contempt on the timid reformers who preferred safe and slow methods of progress. The spirit of camaraderie among us, both men and women, was exhilarating.

To us at that time the Church counted for nothing. It was merely one of those obstructions which would be swept away when the flood of freedom rose. At present it continued to exist by reason of that inertia which conserves ancient institutions simply because they are ancient. But its day, we thought,

would soon be over, and it would be no loss when it went, for its contribution to social progress had been mainly, if not entirely, on the obstructive side.

That was how I thought and felt a few years ago, and yet here I am today a humble member of that Church, placing all my hopes in it, both for myself and for society. How has that come about? Frankly, I do not know. When I try to account for the change I can only surmise that it is one of the mysteries of divine Providence, one of those secrets of personality which elude our analysis. All I can say is that I am what I am by the grace of God. And yet I can trace a certain sequence in my pilgrimage which throws light on the matter.

One of our comrades, a large-hearted worker in the Cause, was fond of dilating on what he called "the communistic teaching of Jesus Christ." He made out that the Church had distorted Christianity and obscured its original social message. "In the beginning," Floyd used to say, "it was just the message of fellowship and freedom which we are preaching today. All the other bunk was added by the priests. The Carpenter of Nazareth was a man of the people and it was for the emancipation of the people from poverty and oppression he lived and died." He used to grow eloquent on this theme, speaking of Christ as "Comrade Jesus."

I'd been brought up in a religious home and in early boyhood had been pious after a fashion, so this talk pleased me. It helped to unify my present outlook with my old self. Besides, it gave higher sanctions to the Movement. There was a danger of its becoming altogether materialistic, and a tinge of Christianity, I thought, would cure that. I began to re-read the New Testament in the light of Floyd's interpretation. But though I discovered a very human Christ full of compassion for all kinds of suffering and of indignation with all kinds of pride and oppression, I couldn't make this Figure fit into the frame of our comrade's theory. There was something about Him that lifted the mind out of the dust and turmoil of our propaganda and made it seem mean and petty. One night, after an enthusiastic meeting, on my way home I looked up at the stars shining so steadily in their remote Heavens, and it seemed that He was looking down at me from among them, smiling with indulgent pity. "Know you not," He seemed to say, "that one day your little world with all its kingdoms and commonwealths shall perish?" I had not thought of it before, but now the temporalness of all for which we labored struck me a blow beneath which at the moment I reeled.

THERE was a reaction. This apparent indifference to needs so urgent, this emphasis on the soul, this other-worldliness, as I called it, provoked my anger. It was so inhuman! The Church was like that—concerned with intangible things.

teaching abstruse doctrines which had no relation to the hard facts of everyday life. I plunged back into the noisy, vivid struggle of the agitator as if to drown that Voice which had spoken from the stars. It was a relief to come back to earth—to questions of wages and work, to controversies that had their bearing on material conditions. And yet I was haunted by the comparative futility of it all. Something in me I could not or dared not kill kept asking, "But afterwards—but afterwards?" It was a wretched time.

Just about then a violent dispute, pursued week after week in our paper, broke out between two sections of the Movement. It commenced over a strike, some arguing that the workers ought to accept the conditions offered by the employers and some urging them to continue the fight. But from that the debate took a more general form. Vital principles, it was said, were at stake. The extremists and moderates discovered differences between them beside which the original quarrel was insignificant. Here was another stage in the process of my disillusionment. We did not, as a body, know what we wanted. Beyond a few nebulous phrases and a certain emotional atmosphere conjured up by slogans we had no real unity. Karl Marx was supposed to be our authority but when concrete problems presented themselves for solution we found that our interpretation of "Das Capital" varied. And so tempers were embittered, time was wasted and the strength that ought to have been reserved for the common enemy was spent on fighting one another.

I do not want to linger on this unhappy time with its recriminations, its suspicious and jealousies. After an angry scene in which my temper got the better of me I went home, sick at heart, ashamed of myself. All our fine idealism had come to this. We "Reformers" would have to reform ourselves first, or we should never make any headway. But how? We needed some superior authority that could adjudicate, put us right, instill a little charity into us, lift us above the dust of the controversial arena. But there was none.

IT WAS a friend with whom I had quarrelled and his pained face told me that my unfeeling remarks had hurt. It was a sensitive face—the face of a dreamer and

student. Otto Sorensen was only a factory-hand, but he had poured over educational manuals and learned scientific treatises till he had become the best-informed member of our Branch. A delicate man, with a gift for friendship, quiet-spoken and conciliatory in manner. And I—towering above him and shouting my loudest—had hurt this sensitive soul. It was brutal. I confessed that much.

It came to me then that there was a bigger fight on than either our sectional squabble or the class-war. There was a fight going on in every class to subdue the passions which blind the reason, a fight to enthrone Charity in the hearts of men. We were all alike in our need of self-restraint—millionaire capitalists, bourgeoisie and proletariat. I had seen the seamy side of myself and of the Movement and the sight was not encouraging. Perhaps if Floyd's "Comrade Jesus" could come amongst us, I told myself, He would be able to overcome our baser selves. It was He the world needed, not the rich only or the poor but all of us. That majesty, that far-reaching love for "all sorts and conditions of men," that penetrating insight into motives was what was wanted. It would be a good thing if we could begin all over again, grouping ourselves round Him as our Leader. Let His Law govern Society! Let us submit our differences to the tribunal of His Spirit!

An idle dream! It was nineteen hundred years ago since He had died—priests, politicians and people uniting to rid themselves of Him. If only he could reappear and men would listen to Him, a new world might emerge from our chaotic conflicts. But there was no hope of that. His heart-thrilling voice would be heard no more in this world; the voice that could awe the proudest would be heard no more.

I do not wish it to be understood that these thoughts occurred to me in the order and with the clarity with which I have set them down. What I have written is but the summary of months of brooding. I still hung on to the Cause and worked for it, but my heart was no longer in it as before. I didn't believe in it as I had done. "Comrade Jesus" was responsible for that. I couldn't get Him out of my mind. Nevertheless, it was only gradually I came to the conclusions I have recorded.

One day I was poking about in a second-hand book-store when I came upon a dilapidated pamphlet the full title of which ran, *Encyclical Letter of Our Holy Father by Divine Providence Pope Leo XIII on The Condition of Labor*. I know now that it was the famous *Rerum Novarum* Encyclical, but at the time I was entirely ignorant of it and would have left it where I found it, but, opening it and glancing at a few pages, I caught sight of a sentence which made me change my mind. I bought it and put it in my pocket.

DAYS passed before I examined it. I confess that at first I was struck less by its explicit teaching than by its tone and attitude. There was something fatherly about it. I imagined a venerable old man talking to a number of disputatious children. This is the kind of thing I found him saying:

"Neither must it be supposed that the solicitude of the Church is so occupied with the spiritual concerns of its children as to neglect their interests temporal and earthly. Its desire is that the poor, for example, should rise above poverty and wretchedness, and should better their condition in life; and for this it strives. By the very fact that it calls men to virtue and forms them to its practice, it promotes this in no slight degree."

"Therefore those whom fortune favors are warned that freedom from sorrow and abundance of earthly riches, are no guarantee of that beatitude that shall never end, but rather the contrary, that the rich should tremble at the threatenings of Jesus Christ—threatenings so strange in the mouth of Our Lord; and that a most strict account must be given to the Supreme Judge for all that we possess."

* * * * *

"If we turn now to things exterior and corporal, the first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of grasping speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for making money. It is neither justice nor humanity so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupify their minds and wear out their bodies."

* * * * *

"Let it be granted, then, that as a rule, workman and employer should make free agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to

wages; nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice."

THAT pamphlet got pretty well worn before I was through with it. Its covers have gone long ago. One of the pages is missing. Every available space in the margins

of the other pages in scribbled on, and there are underlinings of all the more important passages. Old and tattered as it is, however, please God, I'll not part with it till I have to part with everything in this world. For when I read those words of the Vicar of Christ, so full of understanding sympathy with the workers, so generous and yet so just, I began to realize that "Comrade Jesus" was not dead. That He lives in His Church and speaks through the Head of that Church on earth dawned on my mind slowly, but it did dawn. The great fact that the Carpenter of Nazareth, in the person of His representative, stood ready to create a Society based

on brotherhood and ruled by justice seemed at first incredible. But the more I read and thought the more inescapable it became.

I HAVE still my social ideals, but they are no longer mere sentiments, nor pale abstractions but principles already embodied in that holy Society called the Catholic Church. And my hope that they may one day rule the nations is founded on no incredible theory concerning the goodness of human nature but on the immutable truth affirmed by faith that God is our Father and Jesus—"Comrade Jesus" if you like—His Son and our Brother.



Back of Beyond

THE ROAD THAT LEADS FROM BALLYMORE TO BALLYBEG

By TERESA BRAYTON

AN INLAND visitor once said that the road from Ballymore to Ballybeg was as long and dreary as Sunday in a Quaker settlement. That was a foolish remark and showed a foolish mind behind it. Sunday in a Quaker settlement, even a rainy one, may offer much opportunity for quiet contemplation, and great tranquillity may come, sometimes, from homely outside influences.

It was an inept remark, also, in other ways; for the road from Ballymore to Ballybeg on the farthest west coast of Ireland has a world of diversity in every half mile of it.

Ballymore, which in Gaelic means the big town, is one of the sweetest little spots in all Ireland, and every one knows that Ireland is full of sweetness from the top of Antrim to the Cove of Cork. Ballybeg means the little town and it is just as sweet, though in a smaller way.

There are five miles of wind-swept road between Ballymore and Ballybeg, and it would be a narrow-visioned person who could travel over it and not see the beauty that lies on every side.

Ballymore, being the biggest town in the district, holds its head very high, indeed. Ballybeg, being a little place makes up for its size, like many

small people, in its sense of independence. When the folks of Ballybeg have to buy anything in the larger town which cannot be procured at home they always say, "I could have bought this at John O'Flaherty's this morning, but I am afraid he will be closed by the time I get back." And when a man or woman from Ballymore buys a crate of fish or a length of frieze in Ballybeg he or she will explain, "I am gettin' this here for I can take it with me in the cart at the door." Rivals in trade but friends in everything else are the people of these two towns at the "back of beyond" where the Atlantic Ocean throws its wild onslaughts forever against the Irish coast.

But it is not of the towns at either end I will be writing of now but of the road itself that runs from Ballymore to Ballybeg, that same road that a lame-brained tourist didn't find so much to his liking.

OVER the width of Ireland—and one hundred and fifty miles of it run from Howth Head in Dublin to Slyne Head in Galway—one schedules it by stretches. There is Dublin to Maynooth, Maynooth to

Mullingar, Mullingar to Athlone and Athlone to Galway. When you come to the end of that Galway road you face a wild stretch of water that divides the most westerly parish in Ireland from the most easterly parish in America. Sure, many a mother's prayer for her children in the new world has spanned that great width while you'd be slipping a Rosary bead through your fingers. Aye, and gone farther than that—even up to the very throne of the eternal God, Himself.

At the end of the Athlone road in Ballymore the road to Ballybeg starts out like a poor relation handed on to another branch of the family. It runs downhill for several miles and then, as if picking up courage to tackle whatever fate sends, it breasts the mountain side with a grim resolve to keep on going, no matter what may be around the next turn, until at a sudden twist at Knockrigh it finds itself looking down into a swirl of waters where the steeds of Manaan Mas Lir are racing apast the coast of Galway as they used to race long ago when Spanish galleys anchored there, and great traders from other foreign parts brought spices and silks and fine wines to the proud court of the kings of Connacht.

When the road, which I should be

calling Lir's boreen, started out from Ballymore it was at the door of Paul Flynn's Hotel. Two English commercial travelers were picking bits of lamb chops out of their teeth and listening to a ballad singer chanting a song of Raftery's which no one but the Irish speakers around understood. A heavy shower of rain had started to fall, but my little road felt all the better of that as it cleared the dust from its throat raised by a passing motor car, and also inspired the robins, inveterate optimists as they are, to start a cheerier song from hedges along the way as "Lir's boreen" began its ramble.

SOME miles from Ballymore my road takes me to the home of Phelim O'Rorke. Whether he is of that famous stock who once gave a feast to be remembered "by those who were there or those who were not" I don't know, but I do know Phelim has the blood of Connacht kings in his veins.

It is after sunset and the work on Phelim's little farm is over for the day. Two cows, having been relieved of their burden of milk, are chewing the cud of contentment in a thatched shed behind the house. Six sheep are getting ready to go to sleep in the foolish way that sheep do, beside them six little lambs have already curled their legs under their wee bodies and fallen for the sandman's lure, a goat with a couple of kids beside her is cropping the last mouthful of grass before she goes to her nightly place of repose. I will call upon Phelim and give him a "God save all here" across his half-door where the shadow of Knockrigh is lying in sombre dignity. A candle is shining through the window pane and the scent of a peat fire tells me that the vanithee has stirred up the coals for a rousing welcome to all such wayfarers as myself.

And by this time I need it! The rain is coming down in torrents and a wind is tearing across from the Twelve Pins strong enough to shave the tusks off an elephant. Phelim gives me a warm Gaelic greeting and I am set down in the chimney corner with all the courtesy and kindness that are as much a part of Ireland as the airs that blow over it and the sun that shines above it four seasons of the year round.

As luck would have it supper is being laid out on a white-scrubbed table as Phelim pilots me inside his

hospitable door. There is a regular cart wheel cake of wheaten bread and a mound of golden butter beside it. There is a brown teapot bursting with its steaming contents sitting on the hearth, and a fitch of home-cured bacon hanging in the chimney waiting to be sliced for anyone with such a desire upon them. Three curly headed youngsters are delving into porringers of "stirabout" and milk and one wee childie in the cradle looks at us all as if the whole business was beyond her understanding. Not having any teeth yet, herself, she could not see beyond her own horizon of goat's milk in a bottle. But, sure, goat's milk given to a baby means that she will have the health of the world in her when she grows up.

After having diminished Phelim's wheaten cake by many rounds I take my place in the chimney corner opposite to my host and there we talk and talk till the old clock on the wall screams out the hour of nine. Mrs. O'Rorke then lifts her latest born out of the cradle and prepares it for its nightly sleep with a lullaby that the years between have never taken from my memory:

Hush my little one! hush my sweetest one!

Jesus was once a wee childie like you,
Mary once sang to Him, Heaven's bells
rang to Him,

God sent Him sunlight and starlight
and dew.

Hush my baby O! Hush my baby O!
Angels are peeping this moment on
you,
Padhrig is by you, Brigid is nigh you,
God sends you sunlight and starlight
and dew.

When the wee one in the cradle had been whisked off to the inner room to slumber till song of the lark in the morning Mrs. O'Rorke called the rest of us together for the nightly recital of the Rosary. It was a long Rosary with trimmings to it for so many departed friends and neighbors that I was quite convinced my host must really be of the old O'Rorke stock who could summon nearly all Connacht as his kinsmen at will in the old days when Ireland's call brooked no refusal. Thank God, her call knows no deaf ears still, and never will while around the world go the sea-divided Gael!

A corncrake outside my window lulled me to dreamless sleep, and maybe it was the same bird was still

"craking" when I awoke as a corncrake was still shrilling his song of spring in the meadows behind my host's house when I looked out of the window and saw the white face of dawn smiling into mine. Leaping from my bed and dressing myself in a hurry for a new day's travel I slipped out of the door and faced the road again.

What a morning it was! Every curve of the Connemara Hills shone clear. There was not a lark or a robin or a thrush inside the range of several miles who was not singing a glad song. The heath was in full bloom about me, the furze was radiant in its newest coating of brilliant yellow. The far hills of Connemara were wearing a misty veil of white on their heads like nuns going forth to their novitiate.

But the road lying before me in that soft morning light was as the road to Tir-nan-Oge and gladly did I take it.

At the first turn I came to a man who gave me a "God be with you." He was going to his daily toil in a little patch of ground that lay amongst a welter of rocks as if someone in an airplane had scattered it there. A few sickly-looking potato plants were lifting timid heads to the soft morning air. A rabbit scudded across the road as if the hounds of Finn, himself, were in full pursuit.

"That is a rocky piece of land you have there," I said.

The man stopped in his whistling of "The Coulin" to look me over before he answered.

"It is that. Bedad, I often wish that the old giants could have found some other place to be throwing balls than down here where I do have to be spading around them."

"What do you mean by the giants throwing balls here?" I asked. "Sure 'tis plain to be seen these are just ordinary rocks."

"If you'll just put your eye on any one of them," said my friend, "you'll see the mark of five strong fingers, and any man who could throw rocks like these from the Causeway in Antrim to here in Connemara had need to be strong, I'm telling you."

I LOOKED at the rocks and saw marks on them caused probably by centuries of Connacht rain. But by way of being agreeable I nodded my head and said that surely these old giants in Ireland could throw things at each other when they felt like it.

My friend winked at me and said, "that is what we do be telling the foreign lads who come along here sometimes. They write everything down in their books and go away all puffed up with their knowledge."

"But what do you think yourself about it all?" I asked.

The man fixed his eyes on the blue hills around and answered: "It is little grows here, God knows, and 'tis hard the life we're living, who toil from dawn to dark, but there is no one I know would give a rock on one mile of Connacht ground for all the gold in the world."

WE SHAKE hands on that while my friend goes on with his whistling and I fare onward to Ballybeg.

A wind laden with the mingled perfumes of peat smoke, heather and sea brine blows briskly in my face as I trudge along the winding way where corncrakes are still shrilling on either side and a carefree blackbird is whistling like a schoolboy on the limbs of a twisted whitethorn. A man driving an empty cart kindly offers me a lift and looks in surprise at my emphatic refusal to "take the weight off my feet" into town. A donkey laden with panniers of peat trots contentedly along under his load as if he were enjoying the day as much as myself. I meet a boy with two goats tethered together who is having a hard time to get them where he is making for. One is all for going to Ballymore and the other is equally determined to bolt back to Ballybeg. I join in the fray blithely only to receive, like many more peacemakers, a few well-directed "pucks" for my pains.

"Sure, it is better to let them fight it out between them," said the youthful philosopher who evidently knew the way of goats pretty well; so I left them still at it and pushed on for Ballybeg. Around the next few turns it came in sight, a quiet little place with the big hills behind it and the big sea in front. A cup of strong tea at John O'Flaherty's combined hotel, shop and post office comes next in order and then for a stroll out on the rocks that sentinel this beautifully wild stretch of coast.

Sea birds are dipping and screaming above my head, there is a great clamour and tumult of winds and waves sweeping along the shore, long festoons of seaweed are clinging to the ledges like green banners defiantly lifted in the face of an ancient

enemy. Yet with all this there is a great sense of peace hovering over this outer edge of "back of beyond." These Irish waters for all their shadowy stretches and pierced, as they generally are, by lances of rain, are lit by gleams of sunlight at the most unexpected times as no other waters ever are. There is nothing placid about them. Lonely and gray sometimes, tumultuous always, they can flash into a glory of sunny winsome laughter at times like the soul of Erin herself. Come storm, come shine, they batter along the coast as Erin has battered her onward way down the centuries. With the moods of her skies and the strength of her rocks and waters in her soul may she still triumphantly batter her way through the coming ages.

From a church at the end of Ballybeg's one street, which runs downhill as gayly as a boy released from

school, I hear the Angelus bell ringing. It is noon, and as I finish my prayer to the great Amen of the ocean, I think how good it is to be here "at the back of beyond"; at the end of the road that runs from Ballymore to Ballybeg with all the other winding roads and boreens of Ireland behind me sacred with the history and traditions of a land that is ever young. And, above the mundane promise of a comfortable bed at the end of the day under John O'Flaherty's hospitable roof, I think it will be good, also, to sleep in a green Irish graveyard at the end of my life's day till mighty Gabriel blows his Heavenly trumpet and summons me forth to march with my own people into the inheritance which Saint Patrick promised to win for us from God so many years ago. *Dia saor Eire.* (God save Ireland!)



Obedience to conscience is not merely obedience to the laws of the State, or of the police, or of society. It is obedience to some lawgiver who lies further back in the invisible world, whose watchful presence is intimately felt almost as we should feel the presence of another person in a dark room. Conscience, moreover, does not merely give advice but declares a law, and a law implies the

existence of a lawgiver. This lawgiver can only be the Creator of the world, *the infinite model and pattern of all right conduct*, who has imposed upon us the duty of obeying His will, and tells us so through conscience; who watches over us to see that we observe His law, and stores up *reward* for its observance and punishment for its neglect. — E. R. HULL.

Springtime

By M. C. KELLEY

SPRING comes o'er the hilltop,
With banners waving wide,
Her cohorts swift advancing
Through all the country side.
The daffodils are chiming
Their fragrant golden bells,
From swinging lilac censers
Pale purple incense swells.
And apple boughs drift blossoms
As fair as any dream,
The wide flung coin of dandelions
Amid the grasses gleam.
A silvery brook goes singing
To join the river broad,
Enraptured violets listen
And dream thereof—of God.

Nathaniel the Guileless

NINTH IN A SERIES ON CHRIST'S TWELVE

By F. J. MUELLER

HERE is more than one of the Twelve Apostles of whom little is known for certain.

There is scarcely one, however, of whom there is so very little known as Nathaniel. Even his name, and of course consequently, his antecedents and his personal character, are matters of debate.

There is in his case even an apparent disagreement between the Gospel according to St. John on the one hand, and the three Synoptic Gospels on the other. The latter call him Bartholemew. St. John, when he mentions this Apostle at all, calls him Nathaniel. They were not two different people, however. Bartholemew means Son of Tolmai, and the Apostle is so called to point out his Hebraic origin, at least. That much we may safely deduce from the surname — that he was a Jew. He appears to have been resident in or near Bethsaida, the little lake town that furnished so great a section of the Apostolic College.

What his occupation may have been is a mystery; the Gospels tell nothing of that. That he was a man of considerable culture and education seems a logical deduction from his action and his mode of speech, though that is slender basis for argument when quoting from documents that so honestly bear the mark of the human writer upon them. The outstanding fact about him before his call to the apostolate is the friendship that bound him to Philip, the sober, matter-of-fact apostle.

As Philip's friend, Nathaniel had, of course, heard considerable of John the Baptist. He knew that Philip was attracted to the Baptist's preaching on the Jordan, knew the essential of the preacher's message, namely, that the time of the Messiah was at hand and that the Chosen People must prepare for his advent by fasting and penance. Whether he was himself very much impressed with the Baptist, whether he was even curious enough to go out from the town to the riverside where John did most of his preaching to see for himself what sort of preacher this was that was causing so great a sensation and arousing even his friend

Philip from some of his cautious reserve, does not appear in the Gospel record of him. It is no great stretch of historical imagination, however, to see Nathaniel amongst the crowd that John addressed so vehemently; it is not absurd to suppose that his upright and honest soul was stirred to some degree at least by the strenuous message of this preacher of penance.

At any rate, he does not seem to have been in any degree surprised when Philip came to him one evening and told him quite calmly and soberly as was his wont, that the great event of the Messiah's coming had taken place and that the Baptist had that day pointed out the Redeemer to those about him, proclaiming him the Lamb of God.

It was a sober enough announcement for Philip to make of that wonderful event. Four thousand years the tradition had been kept alive; for forty centuries men had yearned and longed for that day; prophets all that length of time had seen the Person of the Messiah in vision and related striking details of His personality, His life, His descent, His mode of death. It was the one great event on which the mind of the religious Jew of that day was centered; it could never have been long from the consciousness of any Jew that knew the traditions, for the signs all pointed to the fulfillment of the prophecies some years before, and it was no new idea to present itself, that somewhere the Messiah should by that day already be upon the earth.

And yet, when Philip has seen the Redeemer and satisfied his careful, inquiring, sober judgment that there is no mistake about it, what a phlegmatic announcement he makes of it to his friend Bartholemew! Andrew, under similar conditions, breaks into a shout to tell his brother Peter; Philip's announcement of the glad tidings for which all had waited so long is almost a theological argument! "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus the son of Joseph of

Nazareth." There is no evident enthusiasm there; it is not the speech of a fanatic of any sort. Philip quotes Moses in the Law, alludes to the Prophets, names the Messiah, tells his father's name, and even his place of residence! All that in one sentence, and the first sentence in which he tells his closest friend the greatest news that earth had known. But he seems to have known his friend thoroughly.

Nathaniel was no wild-eyed enthusiast, either; he is just as dispassionate, just as judicial in his attitude of mind when confronted with the great news as is Philip who heralds it to him. He speaks that sentence that contains a wealth of meaning, though a sentence that sounds uncomfortably like a sneer. "Can anything of good come out of Nazareth?"

He is dubious, apparently, about the reality of the asserted Messiah. He has probably read the records of his own people and the doings of alleged prophets till he is forcedly cautious about accepting a new prophet. There had been false Messias, more than one, and it is not to be wondered at that Nathaniel should be cautious. He does not at once deny that Christ is the Promised of God; he is too just-minded for that. After all, it is too important a matter to be dogmatic in rejection of it. He smilingly replies to his convinced friend, casting as it were a dash of cold water on the conviction of Philip.

NAZARETH was a notorious place, despised among the towns of Galilee. And Nathaniel is asked to believe that from that very town the great redeemer of the Chosen People has sprung! It was like expecting great culture and refinement from Main Street—only worse! "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" asks Nathaniel, and Philip argues about it not at all. He takes the only possible course with people like Nathaniel who want to be shown before they believe; he uses a most convincing argument. He says simply and quietly, "Come and see." And Nathaniel went, and saw, and believed.

When the Savior saw the two friends coming, He seems to have said not one word to the faithful Philip, but He did say to those about him of Nathaniel, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile." Nathaniel seems to have heard the speech of Christ and knew from it that he was known to Christ. He wants to know how that has come about, and Christ favors him with an explanation. "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." There is a mystery here.

ST. JOHN, who reports this beautiful scene between Christ and the two Apostles, says nothing whatever of any fig tree, shows us nothing at all of Nathaniel under any tree. Christ seems to allude here to some incident that Nathaniel would certainly remember and recognize but which no one else in the company knew. For at once, Nathaniel makes his remarkable profession of faith. "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel."

He had been a sceptic, it is true; he had questioned, apparently condescendingly at least, the possibility of anything worth talking about coming out of despicable Nazareth; he had been prevailed upon by the conviction of his friend to come to see for himself. And at once, at the very first contact with Christ, the Savior privileges him with a very special demonstration of superhuman powers by reminding him of some incident that took place under a fig tree when no human eye had seen him.

It is a privilege accorded none of the others so soon in their relationship with Christ. None of the others speaks so definitely and decisively his faith in the divinity of Christ. To the others, Christ is their Friend and Master, the Promised of God, and no more, apparently, for a long time. To Nathaniel it is given to reach the heights of faith at one bound and to proclaim his faith immediately. He is forced to realize that a Man Who could tell him of the fig tree episode was endowed with more than human powers. He breaks forth then in his beautiful and confident avowal. "Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel."

It took considerable time and experience with the wonders Christ wrought to bring the others to that stage of trusting faith. The new con-

vert speaks his faith in Christ's divinity at the first meeting. Why the difference? Whence this sublime attainment of faith at one bound? The others reached that faith through love and knowledge; Nathaniel seems to have been overwhelmed with it in a moment of supernatural enlightenment through the glimpse permitted him of Christ's divine nature. The praise of Christ suggests a possible reason.

Before even Philip had presented his friend to the Messiah whom he had found, Christ set the stamp of infallible approval on the character of the neophyte. Seeing Nathaniel approaching under the guidance of Philip, Our Lord speaks those words that reveal so much of the beautiful spirit and character of Nathaniel. "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile."

What a noble soul those words require to justify them! They were spoken, so far as revelation has been vouchsafed us, of no other human being. The Angel of God salutes Mary as full of grace, it is true. Christ Himself says of the Baptist that greater man was never born of woman. The Holy Ghost expresses much of the greatness of St. Joseph when he is called, in noble simplicity, a just man.

Of no other of the Apostles do we have any such encomium of Christ's. Peter He made His representative on earth and the head of the Apostles. John was His beloved disciple whom He favored with the custody of His Mother. James the Greater was privileged to see both Tabor and Gethsemani. But not even these receive any such specific verbal praise as the obscure and lowly Nathaniel; he is the Israelite without guile. That designation remains the greatest badge of his earthly distinction. To be so pure, so honest, so noble and upright that even Christ Himself is constrained to proclaim him guileless is the great distinction of Nathaniel. And it speaks volumes of his character. There can have been nothing suggestive of craft or deceit in the man whatever; a lie for him was just impossible. He was honest to the core, with that intellectual honesty that is most rare. He was a simple soul and strong. No crannies or shadowy corners wherein guilty secrets might lurk, no deceptions of self or others, no shade of the dishonorable could there be in such a soul that dared to bring itself face to

face with the All-seeing. The soul of the man must have been a pure white light, glowing and luminous with all the virtues; he was the one Israelite without guile.

His future history in the seminary of Christ is a matter of a line or two. After the Resurrection, Christ showed Himself to several of His followers on the lakeshore. There were present on that occasion Simon Peter, and Thomas who is called Didymus, and Nathaniel, the sons of Zebedee, and two others of the disciples.

They had fished all night but in vain; they caught nothing, the Sacred Writer tells us. In the morning, Jesus stood on the shore but they knew Him not. He told them to cast the net once more, this time from the right side of the ship, with wonderful results in a draught of fishes that they could scarcely manage. In their success, Peter read the answer to the riddle. "It is the Lord," he cried, and wrapping himself hastily in his cloak, he cast himself into the waters to be the sooner with his Master. Jesus ate with them then, there on the shore of the lake, and after the meal, gave Peter in the presence of the others his great commission to feed the lambs and the sheep of the Christian flock. In that momentous scene, Nathaniel is silent. His part then as always was to listen and love.

But after Pentecost had driven fear of the Jews from the hearts of the Apostles and their missionary work was so nobly begun, Nathaniel bore his part of the labors of the day and the heats with the others. The scene of his labors in the cause of Christ Crucified is unknown, though traditions of more or less weight see him preaching and praying and laboring in nearly every section of Asia.

THE mode of his death is no better known, though Christian art represents him as having been flayed alive somewhere in Armenia. These things, with plenty of others that we should be interested in knowing, are reserved for revelation on the Great Day of Reckoning when the Sign of the Son of Man shall appear in the Heavens and the triumphant Christ shall appear with great power and majesty. But there is one verdict of His then that can be confidently foreseen now. He will find no other thing to say of Nathaniel than the beautiful thing He said in Galilee: "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile."

The Homeward Journey

OF AN OLD MAN WHO HAD LOST HIS WAY

JAMES B. YELANTS

MOTHERLY soul that she was, Liza Trueman had not long taken her seat in the train before she noticed him. The sunken cheeks, the yellow complexion and the air of debility told their tale and elicited her pity. It was a device she often employed in whiling away the time of a tedious journey to imagine the errand on which her fellow passengers were bent. She had already decided in her mind that the young girl at the end of the car was going to take up a post of some importance in a large city. She had been working—so Liza told herself—in a small office in an insignificant town at a diminutive salary and now the great chance of her life had come.

That was why her cheeks were flushed and why she kept looking at a letter in her hand which certainly must be the official document appointing her to the position. But the attention of this gray haired romanticist soon wandered from the girl with the bright face to the man with the sunken cheeks. If one was just beginning life, the other, it would appear, could not be far from the end. It was characteristic of Liza that the pitiful state of the latter possessed more human interest for her than the former. Of course she began to spin her fancies round him. His ne'er do well son had got into trouble once more, said Liza to herself, and the old father had risen from a sick bed to save him from prison. She looked at the lined face and tried to read the hieroglyphics of its many wrinkles. To her they told a story of paternal anxiety. Poor man, she sighed, what a lot he has had to put up with!

The subject of these surmises was, needless to say, totally unconscious of the interest he was exciting in the little old woman in the old-fashioned bonnet on the other side of the aisle. As a matter of fact, he did not see her, for his face was turned towards the window. He was gazing out at the woods and hills, lonely farms and winding rivers past which they were flying, with a wistful look, as though he sought for something. He was a tall, angular man who no doubt had been at one time powerfully built.

Just one of those old knarled figures that seem to sum up in themselves a whole period of pioneer history. The hands were shrunken but even now one could see, as they lay on his knees, how knotted they had been with labor. After awhile his head nodded sleepily and then he seemed to remember something and fumbled at one of his side pockets. But his hand trembled and it was in vain that he attempted to control it. Liza saw the difficulty and instinctively moved to his side. "Can I help you? What is it you want?" she asked.

The old fellow indicated that he was trying to extract a paper from his pocket and appeared to be grateful when she thrust her hand in and drew out a slip on which, in large legible characters, was printed an address.

"It's where I'm going," he said. "But I don't read none too well. My eyes ain't what they used to be."

THIS was a direct invitation and Liza therefore took the paper and read the name of a small town in a distant state.

"You've got a long way to go yet," she informed him. "It'll take you till tomorrow night." She went on to explain to him where he would have to change. He listened but appeared only partly to comprehend what she was saying.

"You're too ill to travel," she remarked.

"Ah, but I hed to," was the answer. "My conscience wouldn't hev bin easy if I hedn't come."

"Your son needs you pretty bad, I guess," she found herself saying. The old man stared at her in silence for a moment or two and shook his head.

"I ain't got no son," he replied, "never hed one. I ain't got nobody." Liza's curiosity was too strong for her manners. "Then why," she asked, "are you taking this long journey?"

So far from appearing to resent her interest in his affairs, the old traveler glanced at her with a brightened look.

"Wal now," he replied, "that 'ud be a long story."

"I'd like to hear it," said Liza and she spoke truthfully. The grizzled head bent down to her. "I'm a dying man," he said. "They've give me up. 'Hiram,' says Doc to me the other day, 'you ain't got more'n a month to live. If you've got anything that has to be straightened out, you'd better get busy.' Wal, when I heerd that I says to myself, 'I ain't goin' to die in this God-forsaken place. Though I hev lived here forty-eight years, it ain't my home. I'm goin' home to die.' I bin farming and the like out west for forty-eight years but its never bin to me what the old place was where I was reared. And I don't feel like leaving my bones so far away from my own folk."

The train rattled over a bridge and for a minute his voice was drowned in the noise. When he became audible again he was saying, "They tell me they've built a new school house, so I won't be able to see the place where I played as a kid. But I'm goin' to look up the creek where we boys uster go fishin', and the hill where we played Injuns, and the store where we bought candy and the church where we heerd Mass on Sundays and holydays. Then I'll die happy." "So you're a Catholic?" his companion asked, the motherly smile growing, if possible, sweeter.

"Sure," was the answer. "Brought up that way. But there ain't no church where I bin, and I sort o' left my religion behind me when I came west."

"And now you're going home to die?"

"That's it."

LIZA's thoughts were busy but she said nothing of what was in her mind.

"What gave you the idea?" she asked.

"Wal now," the old farmer replied, "you've asked more'n I kin rightly answer. I suppose men's like cattle. A sick steer, they say, will make for the place where he was riz. I've known a hoss travel miles across the prairie to end his days where he begun 'em. It's sort o' nat'ral." The

speaker turned a yellowish eye to his questioner and spoke in a more confidential tone. "Dying," he said, "makes you feel like a little kid again. I reckon that's why you think of 'mother' and want to be near her. I had a good mother. God rest her soul!" The effort of talking had proved too much for him. The temporary flaring up of the vital spark, caused by the stranger's concern for him, was at an end and the ungainly figure crumpled up in its corner. It looked as though death had already touched him. Liza rose and bent over him. Other passengers, noting that something was wrong, put down their newspapers or abandoned their cards and crowded round. This chance collection of more or less selfish individuals, each with his or her own business, became at once a sympathetic group. The human note had been struck, transforming them. This man whom they had never seen before, being a man in dire need, awoke the best in them. The fat drummer who had been calculating how he could capture the trade of a rival firm became suddenly solicitous. A politician traveling to Washington bundled up the papers he had been examining and, after a glance at the sick man, hurried off to see whether there was a doctor on board. The negro porter fetched some water. Everybody made suggestions. Under other circumstances it would have been amusing to note how contradictory were their counsels. Two or three had tales to tell of similar cases and of what had been done on those occasions. It was surprising to find how the little woman in the old-fashioned bonnet retained command of the situation, passing judgment on the various proposals and keeping the crowd of well-wishers at a sufficient distance to give the patient fresh air.

Meanwhile the train sped on past quiet homesteads and villages, all oblivious of the fact that the old tragedy of death was being played out so near to them. After awhile the politician returned with a dapper young man whose professional manner at once proclaimed him a doctor. He made a careful examination of the recumbent figure and pronounced him still alive.

"**B**ETTER get him off the train at the next stop," he said. "He hasn't got long to live."

Liza stopped mopping the sick man's forehead and turned to the

crowd. "One of youse run along and see if you can find a priest," she said. It was strange to see how willingly they did her bidding. Several started off including a dry-goods merchant who was a prominent deacon of a Baptist church. It was not long before a representative of the Church had been dug out and brought to the dying man. The crowd drew back reverently and left the two together.

At first it seemed as if the Messenger of God had arrived too late for any conscious reception of his blessing. He whispered in the old westerner's ear but there was no response. Some word carrying holy associations, however, must have percolated down into the dying brain, for in a little while an eyelid flickered and a quivering of the lips indicated a desire to speak. Gradually consciousness returned, sufficient at least for Hiram to take in the situation and mumble his Confession. When Absolution had been pronounced he lay back with a peaceful smile on his face. Liza returned to his side. By and by she noticed that his lips were moving and she bent down to hear what he was saying.

"It's good to be home," he murmured. "I always said I'd go back where I come from—always said I'd die like a Cath'lic." There was a pause and though the lips still continued to move the listener heard nothing. Perhaps he was praying. Then she caught the words, "I'd a good mother." Another pause. "Mother Church," whispered the feeble voice. "She'll look after a kiddy like me. I bin purty bad in my time but its all

right now. She says its all right. I've said my prayers, mother," he went on. "You kin tuck me up for the night." How strangely, in his talk, memories of his mother according to the flesh mingled with thoughts of Holy Mother Church! He closed his eyes and Liza thought he was dead. She bent reverently and kissed the stranger's clammy brow. But at the soft touch of her lips he looked up, "I reckon you ain't kissed me for a long time, mother," he said. His mind then seemed to wander more and more and he "babbled o' green fields," talked of fishing in the creek and "playin' Injuns." Then suddenly his eyes opened wide. For a moment the mists of death seemed to clear. His voice became strong as in full manhood. He almost sat up, and looked round him.

"I ain't got back to where I was riz," he said, "but for all that I got back where I belong. I'm where I wanted to be—right home."

WITH that he sank back. A long sigh, as of satisfaction, escaped him and he was gone.

"It's a wonderful thing," said the priest to Liza as he covered the old man's face, "how the wanderers come back at evening. Death is a kindly shepherd who brings many a lost sheep to the fold."

The train was slowing down.

"This is where I get off," said the old woman.

She waited while they removed the body, then, as the priest bade her good bye, she added, "I'll see he has a Catholic funeral."

Noonday Mass

By PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

THEY come, tired children of the town,
In this hushed place to bow them down.

From strident life a moment free,
A broker says his rosary
Next to the finger-crippled sire,
Unknown, who tends his office fire.
Prays a sad Magdalen beside
A woman in mourning, and a bride.
A dancer quietly kneels; by her,
Comrade to God, a carpenter.
Bringing their burdens of distress
They come as to the Wilderness.

Ah Christ, with what tremendous food
Again Thou feedest the Multitude!

OUR JUNIOR READERS



HENT was over, and Joan was glad, for, during the penitential season, she had heroically abstained from candy. A glorious five pound box of it came to her and Teddy on Easter Sunday from Aunt Nonie, and mother was not strict about the quantity the children ate. To tell the truth, however, although Joan enjoyed the nice coffee-colored bonbons with the walnuts inside, and the pale green sugary ones that melted in her mouth, and the round white peppermints and pink wintergreens that made her tongue feel hot and cold at the same time, her thoughts kept drifting to and centering upon the window of a certain candy store which she had passed each day on her way to school. In that window during Holy Week had been displayed rows and rows of rich dark chocolate Easter eggs. And, oh, how she had longed and still longed for one! She had told her mother about them—how smooth they were, with just a little crinkly ruffle of chocolate around the top, finished off with a tiny white candy rosette.

"You could eat the rosette first, mother," she had explained, "and then you could eat the crinkly part, and then you could cut the egg into slices, or cut it in half, and maybe it would be white inside, or," she added, with a serious shake of her dark curly head, "maybe it would be pink."

Easter Sunday night when she was going to bed, she again brought the subject to the attention of her mother.

"I s'pose I'll dream of those lovely chocolate eggs. I can't get them out of my mind."

"I'll give you ten cents tomorrow to buy one," said her mother. "Now hurry and get into bed and go to sleep. I hope you thanked God for all the good things He sent you today,

The Chocolate Easter Egg

By ANNE BURLEW

You are a very fortunate little girl."

The next morning Joan set out early, a bright new ten cent piece hot and moist in one hand, Teddy tightly clutching the other. Up the street they hurried and round the corner and down two blocks, hastening the more because Joan had suddenly expressed the fear that perhaps the Easter eggs would all be sold—that perhaps people had bought them all to give to their children on Easter Sunday! But no! Almost dragging Teddy along for the last few steps, Joan uttered a cry of relief and joy as she saw, still displayed in the shop window, the brown delicious-looking objects of her desire.

For a few moments she stood and explained their beauty and their palatableness to her little brother, not neglecting to direct his attention to that fascinating ruffle of chocolate round the top and to that pretty rosette of glistening sugar which finished the ruffle off.

"And you can have a whole half, Teddy," she said generously, "even if you aren't as big as me—I mean I."

Teddy, quite speechless with appreciation, could only smile and smile and smile. The two went in then, and Joan made her purchase. The shopkeeper put the egg in a white paper bag.

"You'd better eat it soon," he counseled them. "It might melt some."

"Oh, we'll eat it as soon as we get home," Joan answered decidedly.

Outside the shop, they stood once more to admire the display in the window.

"Ours is just like them," Joan observed, opening the bag and peering in. She lowered it a little so that Teddy could see, too. He gave a funny whistle of delight, and asked eagerly, "Can I really have a whole half, Joan?"

But Joan did not answer. There was no Joan near him to answer. With cries of wrath and dismay, she was running away from him in pursuit of someone—a dreadful someone who had snatched the precious white bag from her hand, and who now, bandit that he was, was dashing might and main to a place of safety with his prize. Teddy, clenching his fists, followed as rapidly as his short legs would permit. He was feeling frightfully fierce and brave. For two blocks he ran on, trying not to lose sight for a moment of Joan's new scarlet straw hat. Suddenly to his horror it vanished. Joan had unexpectedly turned a corner. Teddy's breath began to give out. He sat down on a doorstep to rest. He was quite exhausted, and very desolate without Joan, but there was something else wrong, too. At first he did not know what it could be, and then he realized that he was most awfully, awfully hungry. He did not think about the Easter egg. What he did want, then and there, was a big slice of bread with lots of butter and sugar on it. The very idea made him more and more lonesome. And so he just sat there and wished and wished that he knew the way home.

MEANWHILE, Joan still raced after her foe. He was a boy in ragged clothes, slightly smaller than she. She had no difficulty in gaining upon him. They ran desperately—two—three—four blocks, blocks that led to a section of the city strange to Joan, strange and untidy, with groups of people standing round at the entrances of the shabby tall

brick houses. She began to be frightened, but the thought of her stolen property urged her on. Suddenly when she felt that in one more minute she would have her hands on the collar of the boy's coat, he made a quick turn and darted into a doorway. Quick as a flash she was after him. For a second the blackness inside appalled her. She could hear the boy as he panted up the stairway, entered a room, and slammed the door behind him. Recovering her courage, she chased up after him and pounded at the first door that the dimness permitted her to see. When no one invited her to enter, she turned the knob and walked in, her round cheeks now as glowingly red as her new Easter hat.

THE boy was not to be seen. In a bed close to the wall lay a sunken-cheeked dark-haired woman with a dingy quilt drawn close over her shoulders. Joan, horribly embarrassed and very much out of breath, managed after a pause to speak.

"I want my chocolate Easter egg," she panted. "Your son stole it."

Something that was almost a smile crossed the ill woman's face.

"My only son's over in that box there," she whispered. "Take a look at him."

Joan tip-toed somewhat timidly across to the wooden box—it was the crate-like sort that oranges come in—and, stooping over, saw a tiny baby—oh, very tiny, with its thin little fist up to its mouth. Its eyes did not move, and it made a weak little sound like moaning. But its face—Joan turned away. Its face was not fresh and rosy as a baby's face ought to be. Joan's own cheeks were quite white now.

"Did he steal your Easter egg?" asked the woman.

"No," half whispered Joan. "What's the matter with him?"

"He's starving, I guess," said his mother. "So am I." She turned her face to the wall.

Joan felt trembly and ill. Never before had she met anyone who could not buy food or who could not get food, even between meals, from the kitchen. Sometimes she had been hungry, yes, and frequently she had been cross when she was hungry even though she knew that she would surely get something to eat. While she stood undecided as to what she ought to say or do next, she heard a noise under the bed. Out from un-

der it, then, crawled the boy, *the boy*, the boy who had stolen her chocolate Easter egg! He did not look like a thief. His dark eyes were honest. He came toward Joan holding the white paper bag out to her. But she did not have the heart to take it, for he seemed hungry and ill like the woman and her tiny son.

"I don't want it," said Joan. "You may have it."

"I didn't steal it for myself," the boy muttered. "I took it for Mrs. Longan, 'cause she's sick and ain't got no food."

"It's wicked to steal, Dick," murmured the woman without turning round. "Don't do it. Your mother would be heart-broken."

"I never did before," mumbled the boy. "But I seen all those chocolate eggs in the window, and I was sorry for you and the baby, and . . ." He stopped and again held the bag out to Joan.

"You keep it," she repeated, and, then, still in doubt about the best thing to do next, began backing toward the door. She said "Good-bye" to her bandit, and went out quietly into the dim hall. Down the rickety staircase she groped her way, hurried through the dusty vestibule, and stood out in the grimy street once more.

"Hey! Look at the swell!" a rough fellow shouted at her.

Pretending not to see him, she ran down the street. The way back was long and perplexing. Her heart seemed to be beating high up in her throat, and sometimes she felt like crying. She knew that she would be safe when she reached the avenue where she had turned the corner, and safe she was, much safer, indeed,

than she had expected, for there to her immense relief and happiness, she met Teddy and Aunt Nonie.

"Joan, I don't know what to think of you!" exclaimed Aunt Nonie severely. "Leaving Teddy on the street alone! *Where* have you been?"

Joan was only too glad to tell Aunt Nonie all about her experience. But her lips were quivering and there were tears in her eyes when she ended the story with, "And, Aunt Nonie, that poor little baby will die of hunger if we don't do something for him! *Can't* we do something?"

"We can!"

It was not Aunt Nonie's way to put off a work of mercy, and so now she did not delay. She immediately called a taxi, and in five or six minutes, with Joan directing, all three were back at the door of the shabby tenement. But Aunt Nonie did not go in.

"I'll bring you children home," she said, "and then I'll come back with some food and a doctor."

Home they all went, therefore, in the taxi, and in it off went Aunt Nonie again on her beautiful errand of charity. Teddy and Joan stood at the living-room window to wave good-bye to her. Then Teddy said, "Do you think the sick lady ate the chocolate egg?"

"I don't know." Joan shook her head sadly. "I can't think about it. I can only think of that poor little baby. It's face wasn't pink and white like our baby brother's, Teddy, but kind of gray. It was awful to see it!"

"Maybe there are some more babies in the world like that," remarked Teddy, "hungry like I am now—only worse, and they can't get anything to eat. Maybe there's fifty or p'raps almost a hundred."

"It was awful," said Joan reflectively. "His little face was grayish." She paused, then added with a note of remorse in her voice, "We didn't think about the poor this Easter—did we, Teddy?"

AT THIS question, Teddy, who had often talked about being a home missionary, felt rather ashamed of himself. His ears grew very pink and his blond head drooped, as he mumbled a "No."

"But after this," went on Joan, "I don't see how we can ever, ever forget them again!"

And Teddy exclaimed, "I never, never will!"

An Invitation

By MARGARET MARY

LITTLE Jesus, wilt Thou come
To spend this day with me?
We'll play and talk and be quite gay;
Some lovely things we'll see.

We'll walk to school, then, hand in
hand,
(Thou art my own loved Guest)
We'll do our lessons carefully,
And after lunch we'll rest.

And when Thou goest home at night,
The joy remains with me;
And for me, little Jesus, say,
"Dear God, I, too, thank Thee."

Saint George and the Dragon

By MARY P. O'BRIEN

SAINTE GEORGE OF ENGLAND, whose feast we celebrate April 23rd, is famed in legend for the valiant encounter with the dragon. Having been born in Coventry he was a champion of his faith in his own country and also abroad. Finally suffering persecution under the Emperor Diocletian about the year 300, he died a martyr.

When he was a youth he set out upon a journey to Egypt and shortly after he had arrived in that land he stopped for his night's rest in a lonely hermitage. There he found an aged man, broken with grief, who sorrowfully informed Saint George that the entire country was tormented by a dreadful dragon, who demanded the sacrifice of a lovely young girl to him each day. Otherwise he would breathe forth a terrible poison which would destroy all the people. This had been going on for twenty-four years until there was now only one young girl left, Sabra, the daughter of the king, Ptolemy. She was to be offered to the monster on the following day. The king had promised that if any one should slay the dragon and thus save his Sabra's life, that brave person should be rewarded by receiving the princess in marriage and by inheriting the crown of Egypt.

Saint George promised the hermit to vanquish the frightful beast, and the next morning he rose early and betook himself to the valley where the dragon lived. At the approach of the knight, the monster began roaring, and was all in all a terrible thing to behold. He was fifty feet long and was covered with shiny silver scales, harder than brass. He rushed forth from his den and struck the champion with his burning wings. The knight, recovering quickly, hit back with his spear with such force that it broke into innumerable bits. Enraged by this, the dragon flayed the knight with his tail so fiercely that down fell both the man and his horse. Although he was almost overcome by the tremendous strength of the monster, Saint George remained courageous and called upon God to aid him. After he had rested a bit, he reentered the

combat with new vigor. With a last great effort he plunged his sword under the wing of the dragon, a spot unprotected by scales, and pierced his heart. At length, having bled so much and being so exhausted from his long battle, the dragon died in terrible agony.

Joyfully Saint George first thanked God for his victory and then cut off the head of the dragon and raised it on a spear. After this noble fight, Ptolemy, the king, ordered elaborate feasts in honor of the brave Saint George and the marriage of his beautiful daughter, Sabra, who had been so miraculously saved from death.

Mother

By CATHEEN BURNS
(Eleven years old)

MOTHER, if upon your birthday,
There was any gift to give,
I would give it with my honor,
Just as long as you may live.

What is dearer than a mother?
Who for you bears every care.
Shown in years of ceaseless worry,
In her gently graying hair.

Love for you and adoration,
Helps to make her bear the years,
By your merry laughing voices,
She will gladly dry her tears.

When she's old and gray and feeble,
Think of what she's done for you,
Be a loving son or daughter,
Care for her, be one that's true.

After years of patient sweetness,
After love and care of you,
Who will care for her in old age,
Who will be a son that's true.

When in youth perhaps she asked
you,
Who would in her age be true?
Then in all a childlike chorus,
"Mother we'll remember you."

That remains still to be seen yet.
God alone who's up above,
Whispers in each heart a secret,
"It's the heart that really loves."

Catherine

By MARY McCANN

She stood and looked into Saint
Mary's Church,
And asked us if we'd tell her what to
do:
She had a bag of candy for herself,
But thought that maybe God might
like some, too.

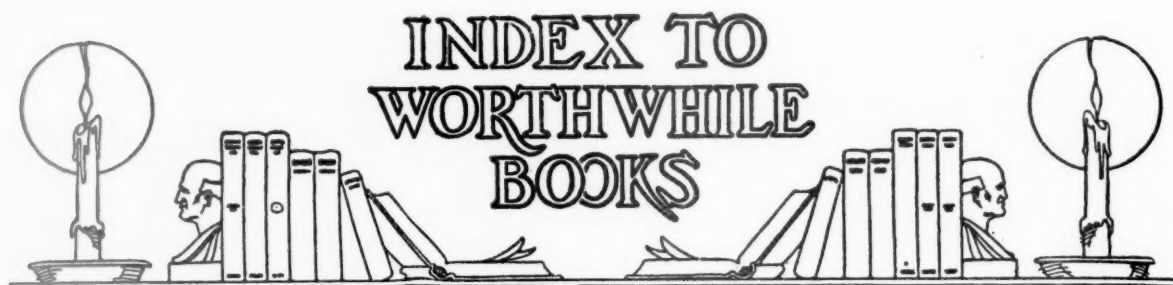
FAR away in France about one
hundred years ago, someone—I
do not even know her name—started
an association to aid foreign mission-
aries. This association in time grew
into an organization called the So-
ciety for the Propagation of the
Faith—that is, a society for the carry-
ing out of Our Lord's command to
"teach all nations." Not long ago,
another important advance was made
in this glorious work when Our Holy
Father, the Pope, named the organi-
zation the Pontifical Society for the
Propagation of the Faith and decreed
that its center should be Rome.

Will you pause now and think of
the good that is being done all over
the world by this society—the mil-
lions of little children who are learn-
ing about Our Lord and His dear
Mother, the millions of souls that
are being saved? And after you
have *really* thought for a moment
upon the subject, go back and look
at the first sentence:

*Far away in France about one
hundred years ago, someone—I do
not even know her name—started an
association to aid foreign missionaries.*

Do you see what I should like you
to realize? It is this: No matter who
we are, we can start something good
in the world, and that good will keep
on growing and growing and produc-
ing results such as we never hoped
or imagined.

Some college "Juniors" of my ac-
quaintance have started a "School
Supply Club." They collect pencils
(old and new), writing materials,
textbooks, readers, catechisms, for
poor Catholic schools in the West
and South. What are *you* going to
start? Please start something! When?
As soon as you read this. Not to-
morrow. No! Today!



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

MY MASS BOOK. By the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$1.25.

The Sacrifice of the Mass is the epitome of our religion. From it all other truths take their source and energy as sunbeams do from the sun. To know and understand the Mass is to know God and Jesus Christ "whom Thou hast sent" and this is eternal life.

To enkindle and keep ever burning this living flame in the hearts of the young, should begin early in life. With the child's first steps in the way of knowledge there should be a corresponding increase in the knowledge and love of God.

The footsteps of the child are easily directed in the way of life. Childlike faith, and confidence such as Christ Himself so highly praised, can be made living; hope of eternal life and even the ardent desire of possessing Him in this life, can become a deeply rooted yearning; while charity can be developed into a ruling passion causing the soul to rest in the knowledge and love of the Eucharistic Heart, to direct his thoughts to Him, to be ever attentive to His voice and to spend its affections in loving converse with his Maker before the tabernacle whence Eternal Life streams in unending flow.

The soul of the child is a fervent seeker of knowledge. Divine Truth here finds fruitful soil. It easily stirs the emotions and desires and the budding intellect is ever ready and willing to grasp the unseen. Every impetus that will cultivate this natural tendency should be offered to the child to help him develop more and more the germ of eternal life that is blossoming within his soul.

It is the Mass, that more than anything else will offer to the child, the grace to increase this spiritual life while at the same time it presents in sensible form, the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ from which all sanctity takes its rise and increase.

MY MASS BOOK takes up this most difficult work of bringing an understanding of Sacred Mysteries to the young mind. Although no human words

can adequately represent the Mass yet the authoress has striven with great success towards bringing an understanding of the Divine Sacrifice to the little ones.

The Mass, is step by step portrayed in attractive pictures while the corresponding prayer from the Missal is translated into language that is both simple, clear and easily understood. Children will readily take to using this little work and the teacher will find the task of instructing her pupils made much easier by so attractive a method as here presented.

Besides the above, there are a number of other prayers that children are accustomed to say, together with many full page pictures of the Redemption which are familiar to them and which will linger in the mind and continually keep before them the thoughts which they should love to cherish.

As this book has the happy faculty of making the Mass better understood and more easily followed in word and in spirit, the hearts of those using it, cannot but help deepening in piety, grow stronger in the knowledge and love of God and be enkindled in living faith, yearning hope and ardent charity. It is a wonderful little book and will undoubtedly find a warm reception from all who have the arduous task of instructing the little ones in their holy religion.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. By Denis Gwynn. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price: \$4.00.

Just one hundred years ago this month Catholicism in England entered upon a new and glorious era. For, in April of the year 1829, Wellington's famous Catholic Emancipation Act was passed and the last of the tyrannous shackles which had held Catholics in unjust subjection dropped, leaving them free to worship their God unmolested and in safety.

We Americans can never quite realize, even though the spectacle of a tortured Mexico be at our very doors, the depth of meaning contained in the two words, "religious persecution." The untold hardships suffered by those true to the

old Faith; the loss of good name, of lands or of fortune; the scorn and ridicule of the powerful; the constant haunting fear of being discovered, thrown into prison, tortured, and even put to death, are quite unthinkable to us.

In a quotation from Cardinal Newman, part of which is here subjoined, the present work shows the straits to which English Catholics had been reduced by religious persecution, and their condition in the very year of the passing of the Emancipation Act:

"All of us can bear witness to the utter contempt into which Catholicism had fallen. . . . No longer a Catholic Church in the Country; no longer a Catholic community; but a few adherents of the Old Religion moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been. The Roman Catholics . . . a mere handful of individuals . . . but who they were, or what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics, no one could tell; though it had an unpleasant sound and told of form and superstition. . . . Such were Catholics in England, found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the house-tops, or in the recesses of the country; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth."

It was from this pitiable state of bondage, of dispersion and ignominy that the English Catholic Church has had to climb, during the last hundred years, to its present flourishing condition. Mr. Gwynn's work is a chronicle of men and affairs of those hundred years of Catholic Emancipation. He has succeeded admirably in tracing the herculean task of reestablishment and reorganization from that eventful April of a century ago to this year of grace. Nothing is missing, nothing forgotten, and no one is slighted.

Here is related graphically and faithfully the struggle to unravel the tangled threads, the rise of the Oxford Movement, the restoration of the hierarchy, the Achilli trial, the various Protestant outbreaks that threatened to destroy the work begun so enthusiastically, the hardships of the Irish famine

sufferers, and so on up to and including the problems and the triumphs of Catholic England of our own day. All the "most dramatic events of the whole century."

Across its charming pages walk all the great figures that crowded those years with their achievements or with their achievements or with their winning personalities. The gentle Newman is here, the zealous and untiring Father Dominic, Passionist, Nicholas Wiseman, the young prelate so fired with hopes and ambitions for the cause of Catholicism in England, the eloquent Ullathorne, and the shrewd, unrelenting Manning. As the narrative progresses we meet with Cardinal Vaughan, Lord Acton, Lord Arundel, and in our own times such names as Chesterton, Belloc, Father Fletcher, and others equally well known.

The opening pages deal with the problems of the "Old Catholics" who seem to have been somewhat akin to the disturbing "Trustees" of the early American Church. Then came Dr. Wiseman with his Roman ideas and methods, and, shortly after, the first faint rumblings of the Oxford Movement. The pages dedicated to this great tergiversation, especially those dealing with John Henry Newman, are particularly engrossing and profitable, and very well done.

The memorable scene at Littlemore lives again in all its tenseness and significance. We see the severe and sparingly furnished room dimly lighted by a few flickering candles and a glowing hearth; we hear the rain pelting against the windows; we watch the door open to admit the saintly Passionist, Father Dominic Barbieri, his dampened clothing steaming after a five-hour ride, and his face aglow with expectation. Then the frail figure of Neman advancing to throw himself on his knees at the feet of the priest begging to be received into the Church. Tradition has it that on the same dreary October night the apostate Lammennais rejected the Faith of his fathers.

Himself an Irishman, Denis Gwynn discusses authoritatively the part played by the Irish immigrant in this first hundred years of Catholic Emancipation. Driven from their own happy isle by famine and tyranny, the Irish came to England in large numbers. Here, as everywhere and always, they heroically preserved the Faith, their heritage from Patrick and Brigid.

Moreover by means of their ready absorption and commingling with the native they have, probably more than any other factor, brought about the continued increase of the English Catholic community. Another cause for the expansion and growth of the Catholic population, and one in which the Irish again predominate, is the adamant refusal to adopt the unnatural methods of

birth control so rife in Protestant England.

In the final chapter Mr. Gwynn is at his best. These closing pages, moreover, have a greater appeal to the average reader, for most of the persons or incidents mentioned are familiar as household words. It is entitled "Fusion of Forces" and in it the author describes, analyses and discusses in an adequate and a convincing manner the present position of Catholics and the Catholic Church in England.

We have referred to the book as a compendium of the last century of the English Catholic Church. It is indeed all that and more, for Mr. Gwynn does not rest satisfied with a mere recital of facts of history, but he has embellished his narrative with anecdote, rounded it off with frequent and pointed personal observations, and served it up to us in an easy flowing style which sustains interest and renders our reading enjoyable and profitable.

THE CHURCH AND WAR. By F. Stratmann, O.P. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price: \$2.25.

A summary of Catholic teaching on war, and a retrospect and prospect of the Church's function as a peacemaker. The author's purpose, however, is not only to catechise the world on the morality of war and the spirit of the Church with respect to it, but also to "lead the world out of Anarchy to Order."

He lays down as a necessary condition that men must be educated to supernatural aspirations, and educated out of a narrow chauvinism. It seems, however, that a far more fundamental necessity, and, though less idealistic, nevertheless a more effective method, is to educate the people to push by their political instrumentalities the project of a satisfactory international parliament of some sort. War is a crime, usually, and mere education is no panacea for it any more than it is for homicide or theft or any other crime. There must be a politically perfect tribunal, empowered to make laws, to adjudicate offences and to penalize in any case that needs diplomatic adjustment. One navy, one police system functioning as an army. Total disarmament of the individual nations. If nations have come to a practically dead level method of dealing with matters concerning the safety of their individual commonwealths, that method is the tested method for the same work on an international scale. If in distinct commonwealths the sale of arms and license for carrying them is closely guarded, then it's larger equivalent—disarmament—is as necessary for international safety. A nation with it's own army and navy will be no more docile to international legislation than a murderer with a gun is to a

national statute. Before the world war we used to think that international law was a power. But we found that it was a weakness if a state were strong enough to break it and go unpunished. The people of the world do not need to be lectured to or the blessings of peace. They are heartily sick of war after that last military venture. Sincerely enough they want a scourge with which, by some representative system, they will be able infallibly to convert truant war-makers.

Individual man is not, by nature, an animal who must periodically indulge in a battle or two in the way of a constitutional. Man as a nation, bound by political and racial characteristics, is not necessarily an opponent of men who are politically and racially different. In fact national pride without suspicion of acquisitive design on the part of another nation rather tends to the friendly rivalry of the Olympics than to the inimical rivalry of Waterloo or the Chateau Thierry. The ordinary citizen has no reason for starting a war which arises in the modern style. Most soldiers fight their battles without knowing ultimately — why. Moneyed men with interests in foreign markets and puppet politicians are the "WHY." If the politicians are not being prompted hand and foot by the leading strings of a veiled showman, they are for their own interests declaring wars which their patriotic subordinates will fight for them.

The statesmanship of the world has had this conviction forced on it. It is now engaged in a work which, in magnitude at least, is brand new. A universal alliance is bound to present difficulties until pioneers have experimented enough to work a science out of their initial dabbling. The world tribunal is yet perhaps a generation or two away from its perfection, and from its final adjustments concerning representation and disarmament. May God for the sake of the peace He loves extend His mighty hand and once more bring harmony out of chaos.

Father Stratmann handles masterfully the theological aspect of war, suggests his remedies provisionally and for that reason wisely. He proceeds logically always leaving the reader in confident possession of something. He uses a mercifully short sentence structure. The tone of his style is that of power economized.

THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM. By Peadar O'Connell. G. P. Putnam, New York, 1928. Price: \$2.50.

A favorite catchphrase of the blurb writers is, "a cross section of life." That, in the fullest sense of the much abused expression, is precisely what Mr. Peadar O'Donnell gives to us in his novel, *THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM*, published first in England under the

title of "The Islanders," and the choice of the newly formed Catholic Book-a-Month-Club. From the very first page whereon the author describes so graphically, albeit briefly, the bleak, fog-blanketed island of Inniscara, off the coast of Donegal, to the closing paragraph where old Mary Manus informs her husband: "'Tis then, I never saw a night that pleased me better, glory be to God," this book is crammed with vitality. It lives; its characters live.

Between its covers, a colony of Irish fisher folk live out their ordinary daily lives, with their joys and sorrows, their trials and discouragements, their hastily forgotten quarrels, their innocent love affairs, their harmless gossiping in beguiling accents of the brogue, and their quaint, lovable, unworldly ways. The rapidly moving action, the cryptic style of the author, hallmarks we are told of the new Irish School, and the abundant and sustained dialogue render this beautiful story easily and quickly read, but not so easily nor so soon forgotten. Several characters are outstanding. Mary Doogan with her quiet, patient, silent-suffering motherly manner; her indomitable faith in God and Our Lady, so ignorant in worldly science and learning, but oh, so well versed in that difficult art of understanding human hearts, is a distinct creation, and an unforgettable one.

Charlie her eldest son, in the earlier pages a somewhat down-hearted youth, dissatisfied with the uneventful struggling life of an Islander, later on, breaking through the crust of this complex, the son of his father, tender hearted in an awkward, boyish way, generous, loyal, clean of heart and mind, refreshingly so, filled with high and noble ambitions, but no dreamer, always a bit inarticulate, and in love with Susan.

Susan, daughter of a neighboring family, and a playmate of Charlie in childhood, now, by a sort of tacit consent his betrothed. Phil, friend of both, true-hearted and impetuous. And finally, Ruth, from the cultured mainland, of the world, worldly, quite sophisticated, but possessed of a healthy candour, utterly feminine, considerate, faithful, and brave. She is a type not often found in modern fiction, mainly because very few dare limn her kind truly.

THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM is not a religious nor a Catholic novel, strictly so-called. Peadar O'Donnell is a realist who dodges nothing, yet who refuses to dwell upon ugly details. He is a sentimentalist who never descends to the mawkish. He is a trickster who holds interest and suspense to the final chapter. He is a consummate literary artist, weaving and blending his materials, pathos and laughter, simplicity and sophistication, disappointment and childish glee, poverty and meagre prosperity, into a glorious harmonic whole.

After reading this story one no longer wonders why the melodies of the Irish should thrill with plaintive strain; or why they possess faith serene in the face of ignorance and poverty, or that quick and gentle gleams of mirth and wit pervade the true born Celt; or why, in fine, God should love the Irish. He has an answer in this book.

THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM is a story not simply to be read, but to be absorbed, and to be placed between Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop," and Louis Hémon's "Maria Chapdelaine." And that's saying a lot. Mr. O'Donnell's first attempt is in reality an achievement.

ST. THERESE OF LISEUX. A Biography by Lucie Delarue-Mardrus. Translated by Helen Younger Chase. With an introduction by Michael Williams, Litt. D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price: \$2.00.

A book about a saint written by an unbeliever is indeed something unique. The life story of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus appealed to the artistic sense of Mme. Delarue-Mardrus and so she hastened to present it to her world—a world "indifferent to religion but responsive to art.

One wonders at the many inconsistencies of the book. The author is one of a group who stand without the Church, unable to believe in a real, personal God, yet finding no difficulty in believing in the influence of the Saints, in the possibility of miracles, and the power of prayer. She loves "the ancient and mysterious movement of the Mass which brings God down to the bleating and tragic flocks of men," yet she will not acknowledge the very God Who is brought down.

There are some things in the book which are harsh and contrary to Catholic principles. The author says, "We must remember that marriage was not the true vocation of either of her (the Little Flower) parents." If ever a marriage was made in Heaven, it was this marriage of Louis Martin and Zélie Guérin. Applying the Gospel test, "By their fruits" all must admit that the union which gave five saintly religious to the world must have been ratified in Heaven. Rarely has physical attraction been joined to spiritual affections in such a degree.

Michael Williams in a lengthy introduction, calls this "the most remarkable of all the many books devoted to St. Teresa." One is inclined to ask in just what sense Mr. Williams uses the word "remarkable." Many of us would agree to the word in some sense but not in the sense of "remarkably fine." Mr. Williams also recalls what the end was of many artists-without-faith whom he knew. He adds, "The world of art without faith becomes, especially as the

evening hours draw on for its inhabitants, somewhat dour, even ghastly."

Mme. Delarue-Mardrus bewails the bad taste so prevalent in the Catholic world and asks if the Holy See could not institute a Commission to control the manifestations of religious enthusiasm. To many of us who lack the aesthetic sense, it seems that the many offerings, gaudy or otherwise, that adorn Catholic shrines are the beautiful expressions of love and gratitude from the hearts of a religious people.

This book is primarily written for artists-without-faith. It might have some appeal with that class and even might do some good. There is also a certain class of Catholics who would care to have this book. Those Catholics who delight in being thought the "Intellectuals," the "Liberals" who are capable of thinking for themselves, or at least they think they are. Outside of these two classes of people I know of no one who would profit by this book. The one redeeming feature of the edition is the fact that it is offered as an ex-voto to the Little Flower.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD. By Marie-Joseph Ollivier, O.P. Translated by E. Leahy. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price: \$3.25.

Pere Lemonnayer in his book, "La forme artistique des récits de la Genèse" says: "Each of the biblical narratives is in a very large measure, complete in itself. It is intelligible by itself, or at any rate, it only requires the least possible explanation, which is the same for a great many of the narratives. Their whole meaning and all their beauty are in the stories themselves." This remark applies exactly to the parables. There is nothing in human language that can compare with them, from the triple point of view of simplicity, grace, and doctrine.

"Simple for the simple, they are profound enough for profound thinkers they are like the whole of the Sacred Scriptures, as a stream, which a lamb can ford, but in which an elephant can swim at ease."

In Pere Ollivier's great exegesis of the parables, one thing is present which was so conspicuously absent in the manuscripts of the ancients and that is his Christ-like utilitarian method of presenting the parables in a practical way. Like the Divine Master, this distinguished Dominican has given us a simple, beautiful, eloquent explanation of the parables. It is his last work. It is as great as any of his works and this volume of THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD, will be a treasure not only to the student of the Holy Scriptures but also to the many lovers of the greatest book ever penned by human hand, whose mighty and glorious Author is the Great God Almighty.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



Letters From Our Missionaries

UESTERDAY we celebrated the beautiful feast of our Blessed Mother, the Immaculate Conception. As usual, on such great feasts, I had the consolation of witnessing all of the Christians here at Mass. Of course, when I say all I mean just the few that we have gathered here to date. This is a new mission and the Christians are very scarce. However, we are hoping for a great harvest, if not this month or this year, then, at least, within the reasonably near future. There are many handicaps which must be overcome before we can hope for any notable progress.

And now comes a forecast of trouble and misery. Let me quote for you from the *Hankow Herald*, Hunan, November 20, "SHENCHOW: Western Hunan is again facing famine. During the long, dry summer, many of the rice fields were burned up. Nearly all the wells are dry. Farmers are carrying water long distances for household use. Vegetable gardens are also dried into hard cakes of clay, so that no vegetables can be raised, and prices are soaring. At present rice costs ten dollars a pickle."

According to this paper there are quite a few districts in our mission territory which produced only fifty per cent of their normal crop and in some cases even less. These districts are Fengwhang, my mission district, Yungui, where Father Theophane was in charge, Luki, Father Rupert's mission, Paotsing, where Father Raphael is pastor, Chenki and Shen-

Fengwhang

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

chow, our headquarters in China. As a matter of fact there is not a district in Western Hunan which has produced its normal crop this year and many have raised scarcely any rice. It does not take a prophet to foretell the misery that will be ours during the early spring of this year!

The *Herald* continues: "To in-

crease the difficulties that face these districts, the long-continued drought has caused the streams to become very low. Old people say that they have never known the Yuan River to drop so bad. Only the small boats are able to come up the river and they cannot carry any cargo. There is practically no way to get food into this part of Western Hunan except to carry it overland.

"The work on the automobile road from Changteh to Shenchowfu is progressing very slowly at this end. Just a few miles of road have been built and that is not quite finished. For a time several hundred men were employed but lately many of them have been dismissed. It is said that funds are exhausted.

"The building of this road presents a fine opportunity for famine relief work. In a few months thousands of people will be begging in this city. Relief must be provided or they will starve. It is to be hoped the Government will provide the necessary funds for this road at once, if, for no other reason, at least as a famine-relief measure.

"It is likewise to be hoped that the plans of the Government for a large system of automobile roads in this Province will soon be pushed to fruition. A good system of roads should make such local famines as this a matter of the past.

"On Monday, October 15th, at 2 A. M., Shenchowfu suffered an unusually destructive fire. Raging in that part of the Main Street where the largest and finest shops are found,



SMILES IN WHITE AND YELLOW



FATHER AGATHO PURTILL, C.P., ABOUT TO STEP INTO HIS SEDAN CHAIR. JUST OUTSIDE CHANGTEH ON THE ROAD TO SHENCHOW. THIS WIDE ROAD IS ONLY A FEW MILES LONG AND IS THE FIRST RUNNING TOWARDS WESTERN HUNAN

between forty and fifty houses were burned to the ground. This city has a very poor fire-fighting apparatus and little could be done to extinguish the conflagration. The low state of the Yuan River added to the difficulties of the bucket brigade which carried water to these engines. Fortunately, the wind was light.

LOSSES—IMPROVEMENTS

"This city has no fire insurance beyond that afforded by heavy brick walls. As a result many of the merchants and land owners are very hard hit. Some are unable to rebuild. Others are rebuilding cheaply and temporarily, hoping to be able to erect better quarters when times improve. That heavy, well-built brick walls will stop the ravages of fire was proved by the fact that three large shops, situated almost exactly in the center of the burned section, were saved.

"This cause of fire was due to carelessness. It is said that the two proprietors of the shop in which the fire started had gone out to play mah-giang in a neighboring shop. One of the apprentices took a lighted candle with him when he retired upstairs to bed. About two o'clock in the morning, this candle set fire to a lot of dry Tung-oil tree leaves stored in the loft. Of course, no water was on hand to put out the fire in its incipency. I am told that the proprietors of this shop have been fined \$10.

"The commander of the Dwan that garrisons this city, Col. Ho Bing, with the backing of the local gentry and officials, has been pushing a sanitary campaign in this city. During the hot weather, the residents were compelled to clean up their property and the adjoining streets. Wooden garbage containers were placed in convenient places, and these are being emptied regularly. Booths were prepared for market places, and all people doing business at stands in the streets were ordered into these booths. The resulting change is quite encouraging. . . ."

Prospects are far from consoling! Poor China! After all this country has gone through during the past few years in the way of military depravations, bandit plunderings, etc., now we face an awful famine. May God help us and these poor people. I the readers of THE SIGN will not forget us in their prayers. Famine time is always most trying to the missionaries. It is heartbreaking to behold men, women and children dying for the want of food. Yet it would be impossible for us to save all. We will do all we can but we cannot do more than is made possible by the assistance given us by our good friends in the States. Pray for us and, if you can, help us by donating at least the price of a few bowls of rice.

Jungshun

By AGATHO PURTILL, C.P.

SINCE I left Shanghai last year I have been so occupied with the various important questions pertaining to our missions that I have scarce time to breathe. On returning to my home in the Jungshunfu valley I found that most of my belongings had been stolen. I foresaw this robbery during the Communistic uprising and had taken great care to put the sacred vessels and vestments in places where they could not be found. The hiding place was small, in fact too small to store my other things. Then again if something had not been left for them they would have hunted and hunted until they found everything. So in consideration of the sacred vestments and vessels which I feared might be discovered, I left the rest of our effects in their usual places. While in Shanghai I scraped together a few pennies to buy some new things. These latter for some reason or other were detained in Hankow and only yesterday did I receive part of the shipment. Such are the slow methods in China and I assure you it takes great courage and patience to bear up with this situation.

To add to my other difficulties the

town of Yunshunfu has been burned to the ground. I was awakened one night by excited pounding on my door. "The mission is on fire!" You can imagine how rapidly I jumped from my bed and dressed. Thanks to the Little Flower (it was her feast day) the mission was spared. The town, however, was almost entirely destroyed. You can imagine for yourself what a fire in a Chinese village must be. Thousands of wooden houses that have dried in the sun for over half a century afire! The flame is instantaneous. The city does not burn gradually but at once. There is no fire brigade and when one house burns the entire village has to suffer the same disaster. I tried to make some of the people help to carry things from the houses but they stubbornly refused saying that they might be accused of stealing. I began myself to carry some chairs and tables from one of the houses and was politely told that my services were not required.

Thousands were homeless and had no food to eat and as most everyone suffered a like disaster there was no one to help. I volunteered to keep fifty of the poorest families and kept up this fire relief for a month. That is as far as my means allowed me to go. It was a big help for these poor creatures and kept the wolf away from their door until they were able to move to the country where they could secure further assistance.

In general, things have brightened up somewhat under the new Government. In some parts, however, the Communists are strong. I just received a letter from one of our Fathers and he tells me that the Communists are strong, that many of his chapels have been burned and that some Christians have suffered death for their belief in our holy religion.

Much remains to be done but if we cannot rely on your continued kindness we cannot make any real progress.

Sometimes, of course, a lone missionary is very apt to grow discouraged; but a most comforting thought at such times is that we are engaged in pioneer work and that discouragement, hardship and disappointment are a necessary feature in the life of one who has undertaken to do something, however little, towards laying the foundation of God's Church in a pagan land.

Shenchow

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

IT is now a month and a half since we reached Shenchow. This is not a very long time, yet it has brought a number of experiences. I am sure that the readers of THE SIGN would like to read about some of them; so here they are:

During the first week after my arrival here there was an execution—a public one—at the river bank. Two men had been caught stealing and were sentenced to be shot. When I heard about it I rushed to the river, but when I got there the actual execution was already over. The bodies had not yet been removed. They were left to lie as they fell, and, as some older missionary told us, would

remain there for days before being buried, if buried at all, unless relatives would take care of them. It was a gruesome sight. One of the men had received the shot full in the face. A boy was kicking the dead man's foot. One man trampled in the dead man's blood. I tried to get some pictures, but there was too big a crowd of people standing around.

The following week, on Thanksgiving Day, there was a real Chinese banquet in honor of two of the leading citizens of Shenchow. It was a grand affair, consisting of more than twenty courses. Now, lest someone may think that this was extravagant, I inform them that the whole meal from soup to desert (only in China that means from watermelon seeds to rice) cost less than ten dollars. Each course is served as follows: A large bowl is placed in the middle of the table, and an empty plate in front of each guest. At a sign of the host,



FATHER PAUL UBINGER, C.P., AND HIS HUNTER (SQUATTING)



THE SISTERS SAY, "NONE BETTER IN THE WORLD!"

each guest "digs in," and with his chopsticks, takes out of the bowl whatever he can get. You should have seen us as we made our first formal debut with the chopsticks. It was terrible! I spilled the food from my beard (there! I told a secret!) down to my shoes. By the time I reached the last course, I had become somewhat efficient. Among other delicacies we ate lily roots, chicken nails, and sharks' fins. It was with this last item that I had most of my troubles. Sharks' fins are very much like rubber, except that they are much harder to chew. I had a mouthful of them; everybody was waiting for me before starting the next course. It would not do to expectorate them, and I simply could not get them "chewed up." There was but one thing to do, and I did it. I closed my eyes, gathered up all the courage I could, took one big gulp, and somehow the shark fins went down. Thank the Lord there were no bad after effects, and I am still living to tell the tale.

In China something turns up every week. There is little danger of our lives becoming monotonous. The week after the banquet I had my first experience with a Chinese barber. Now what I am going to tell you about this affair sounds unbelievable, I know. Yet every word of it is true, and if you wish confirmation of it just write to any of the Fathers here; they will tell you the same story.

Ordinarily we do not go to the barber. We send the boy out to get the barber and this gentleman comes to the house; bringing along his implements of torture wrapped up in a piece of paper. The hair-cutting process itself is not so bad; it's what follows after the haircut. Our friend got out an old black razor that had no handle and plenty of nicks. He

did not sharpen it either before or after or during the shave. And when I say *shave* I mean *scrape*. My face was raw after he got through with me. He began shaving at the top of my forehead, went down to my eyebrows, then between the eyebrows, and down the length and across the width of my nose. After that he shaved under my eyes, and finally the outside and inside of my ears. He used no soap; simply applied a little hot water with . . . a toothbrush!

Wangtsun

By BASIL BAUER, C.P.

THE old Jewish law read: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Here in China the law reads, or is carried out as though it read: "Ten lives for one!"

On January 21st things began to happen that wiped out an entire family, with the single exception of the one who was to blame for it. Until that time a certain *Twain T'sang* by the name of Shong was in charge of the city, and had under him about six hundred soldiers. His duty was to protect against bandits



FR. CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., VISITS HIS PARISHIONERS, PETER CHANG AND HIS WIFE. PETER IS BLIND. THE WIFE IS HOLDING THE FAMILY WATER-PIPE

the people of Wangtsun and of the surrounding villages, to collect the taxes, and to preserve the peace. He was considered a just official, and kept his soldiers in pretty good order, so that he was looked upon with favor by the people.

A new house he was building fifteen *li* (five miles) away was the indirect cause of his downfall. Chinese custom demands that when a house is covered over and the roof complete, the builder supplies a feast to his friend and receives, in return, scrolls of writing wishing him success, and all manner of wonderful things. The banquet is carried on until all hours of the night, drinking wine and smoking opium. During the day Shong's bodyguard were practically neglected, and got very little of the good things to eat. They were in anything but a nice humor. Towards evening the *Twan T'sang* was informed of this and ordered them to be given a good meal. The *Twan T'sang's* fifth wife refused to carry out his orders and instead chased the men away. All during the night, huddled around a small charcoal fire, they plotted and cursed. In desperation and revenge one of them finally made his way to the room where the *Twan T'sang* and his first wife were smoking opium, and in cold blood, shot them with his automatic. The bullets did not do enough damage to suit his rage, so he got hold of a bayonet and almost cut them to pieces. Whether the other members of the bodyguard tried to catch him or let him go or helped him to run away, I do not know. Up to now he has not been seen, and I don't suppose he will ever be caught. Probably he will make his way to other cities and there is no united system of police work as in other countries.

GET THE FAMILY

CAUGHT or not is of small importance to the authorities. "Get his family" is the slogan, and in this case they certainly "got his family." Nine of them. His parents, brothers and sisters and any relatives they could get. One of them a baby not over eight months old was killed! Everything movable was taken from the house and confiscated by the soldiers. Pigs and cows were slaughtered but I have not heard whether they burned the house.

Still they were not satisfied! The *Twan T'sang's* superior in Yungshun gave orders to kill ten for each person. So unless the relatives of the

boy keep out of sight, twenty will be the toll for the death of the officer and his wife! You say it is cruel, outrageous! Maybe it is. Of course I don't agree with the extreme degree to which this thing has been carried out. The principle, considered from the Chinese standpoint, is not so far from being right. I do not approve of the killing of another for the crime his brother or relative committed, much less for the wholesale slaying, as in this instance. The secondary

purpose of punishment is to prevent, by causing a wholesome fear, the recurrence of the crime. Here in China, human life is considered very cheap. Unless the punishment for crime is very great, few would be safe. In this instance the Chinese do not consider the punishment so very atrocious. They do not consider the entire family equal to the officer because they have such great respect for authority.

Last week on my way to Yung-



IN FRONT "WHITEY," FORMERLY A SLAVE, THE PROPERTY OF A CONVERTED PAGAN WHO DIED A GOOD CATHOLIC



ONE OF THE MANY PLACES WHERE BRIDGES ARE SADLY NEEDED. FATHER CASPAR COMING UP THE BANK, WHILE FATHERS AGATHO AND MILES ARE ON THE FERRY

shun, I stopped to see the mother of the *Twan Tsang*. She is a Christian. I stopped to console her on the death of her son. Of course, she had to drop a few tears, and she remarked: "What chance has he of saving his soul, when he was killed while smoking opium?" However, when I mentioned that they had already killed nine of the boy's family, she brightened up wonderfully and said: "Of what use is an officer, if he does not punish?" Despite all the doctrine she has studied, she could not see any injustice in the slaying of so many for the death of her son.

While I was in Shin Si Pin about two years ago, a maniac came to the place with the avowed intention of killing "the foreigner" (me), though he did not have the nerve to enter the house in daylight. With an iron instrument in the form of a bayonet, he hacked at the door and broke several windows, and when I went to the window (I was on the second floor), to see what the disturbance was he fired stones at me. Most of these I managed to catch, and I did not know what to do for I was not anxious to have a fight with a maniac armed, as I then thought, with a bayonet. He was frothing at the mouth and yelling, "I don't like foreigners! Kill them!" The Christians soon surrounded him and tied him up. On the way, while he was

being led to Yungshun, he bit his captor and got away. The next day his father, not knowing that he had escaped, came to the mission to settle the affair, and the police put him in jail until his son could be found. When his son was brought the next day he smashed up the furniture of the jail until he was put in irons.

This is but another instance of the saying "Get his family." This might not work in the States, but it certainly is effective in China.

BURNED ALIVE

RELIGION is a thing to conjure with. For the sake of spreading religion men will leave all they hold dear and bury themselves in the heart of unknown regions. They will give up everything, and even suffer the supreme sacrifice for it. Religion causes men to do things that, to an uninitiated, seem the height of folly. Witness the belief and act of a Bonze, who last week here in Wangtsun desired to burn himself alive. His wish was granted.

Towards evening I was getting ready for an early start on the morrow for a day's trip, when my boy came in and, in assisting me, remarked in a casual way, "A Bonze was burned to death a little while ago!" My first question was, "Now whose house burned down?" "No house was burned; he didn't die that

way! He wanted to die and the other Bonzes made a big pile of fire wood and put him on top and burned him to ashes!"

I had never heard of it before so I did quite a bit of questioning. I wanted to get first-hand information regarding the event that had just taken place. The fire victim proved to be a Buddhist priest who was dying of old age. It is a custom that when a priest is very old and is about to die he expresses a wish to be burned alive. In this case he was a little over eighty years old, and did not have many more days of life left in him. So according to custom his wish was readily granted.

A high stack of wood was raised, underneath which was a small arch so that the fire could spread on both sides at once. On top of the wood a brightly decorated and costly traveling chair was placed and the old priest placed in it, for he was almost too feeble to walk. In front of this chair a table and another chair were placed. The old fellow was given an odd sort of drum that is very common use in Chinese temples. It is shaped like the mouth and head of a snake and is made of wood. Using a wooden mallet he kept up a continual beating, all the time chanting his prayers and frequently yelling, "Start the fire! Burn me up. Light the fire! I am getting cold!" A great deal of

time was taken up with the different ceremonies. All the while the old fellow was calling out to start the fire and burn him alive. Shortly before the fire was started he was removed from the richly decorated chair and placed on the other one, for the decorated chair was worth quite a bit with all its silk embroideries and the old man was too poor to pay for it.

Finally the fire was started and as the flames rose higher so did the old man's voice, and the beating of the drum became faster. Not until the fire had reached the head of the old man did he stop, and then he threw the mallet away from him among the spectators. A grand rush was made for the mallet. It is a pagan belief that whoever gets the mallet will have wonderful success in business and will not die!

When the priest can cry out no more his soul is supposed to leave his body and he does not suffer the pain of death, and some claim that his body also goes to bliss without being destroyed, though how they can believe this when they see with their

own eyes the consuming of the body, is more than I can figure out. When the burning is over the ashes are placed in a large, beautifully decorated bowl and placed in a temple. What forces them to desire to be burned alive? Is it religion or fanaticism?

A Small Request

By THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C.P.

HERE was an invader of England in centuries past whose vanity was shocked when he was sprawled upon the shore of that island. But he arose with a handful of soil and declared he would remain to conquer and to rule that land. Now isn't that a strange bit of history or fable to come floating into my recollection out on the hills of Hunan? Any slumbering memory however, may be jarred into wakefulness when one has a hard enough fall from a mule.

On one of the many occasions

when even "pulling leather" failed to keep me from parting with my saddle that is the story that came back to me. "Filly," I said to my mule when I had gotten my legs from under her (for we usually go down together), "if that omen holds good you and I will soon rule China, for we have certainly picked up enough of its mud."

Really, I had thought to tell you some of my experiences with mules, and of some of the trails I have traveled with them in these few years. Most of the incidents would be amusing, perhaps, now that they are past. Their relation, too, might bring peace to more than one troubled head of the household. For, after hearing them, I believe the family would say, "Well, the old car isn't so bad after all."

But I am not going to give you these incidents now. I mention mules only because today I looked at a picture taken with my mule in one of my Miao villages, and I got homesick. I am a thousand miles from home!

I write from Shanghai. After



AT SHENCHOW MISSION. LEFT TO RIGHT: THE ORPHANAGE GATEKEEPER, A CONVERTED BANDIT, A MISSION EMPLOYEE, THE ORPHANS' TEACHER HOLDING HIS SON. IN FRONT, JACOB KUNG, A BLIND ORPHAN



FATHER NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS AND SOME GIRL ORPHANS

four years on the missions I found it necessary to visit the oculist and the dentist and the doctor. How many minutes would it take your doctor to reach you? With us it is a case of the doctor not coming to us, so we must go to the doctor. And there is not a doctor in all western Hunan. To consult the oculist one must travel a few hundred miles more. Hence a few weeks ago Father Clement and I left Shenchow for the long trip to Shanghai. The change will benefit us. And the dentist is seeing to it that many of the memories we carry away from

here will not be pleasant ones.

Besides, and I candidly admit I am coming to the point of these few lines, the professional men who are caring for us, do not live in straw huts as do some of our Christians. The dentist and the doctor are giving us their attention . . . at quite modern fees. I assure you these are not light. The trip itself is no small item of expense, and together with the treatment will be quite a shocking total to poor missionaries who must count their pennies. I shall be very grateful to those who help us to meet this unusual expense.

Gemma's League

AN ASSOCIATION OF PRAYERS

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to the souls of others and to merit blessings for ourselves.

THE METHOD: The offering of our prayers and good works for the spread of Christ's kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: Many charitably disposed persons interested in the salvation of the souls of others.

OBLIGATIONS: No financial dues. Payments are made in the currency of Heaven. Prayers and good works are bartered for souls. Return monthly leaflet.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca. Born in 1878 and died in 1903. Her saintly life was characterized by a singular devotion to Christ's Passion.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets and all correspondence concerning the League, should be addressed to the Rev. Director, The Gemma League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

Masses Said	11
Masses Heard	34,360
Holy Communion	20,212
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	71,549
Spiritual Communion	64,503
Benediction Services	11,524
Sacrifices, Sufferings	143,497
Stations of the Cross	17,431
Visits to the Crucifix	47,092
Beads of the Five Wounds	43,081
Offerings of Precious Blood	269,499
Visits to Our Lady	31,990
Rosaries	51,676
Beads of the Seven Dolors	8,182
Ejaculatory Prayers	4,952,804
Hours of Study, Reading	57,002
Hours of Labor	79,106
Acts of Kindness, Charity	78,436
Acts of Zeal	102,476
Prayers, Devotions	430,351
Hours of Silence	95,427
Various Works	285,907
Holy Hours	1,163

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

RT. REV. H. POHL-SCHNEIDER
REV. J. CAREY
REV. P. HANOTEL
REV. JAMES SUPPLE, D.D.
REV. EDWARD A. DUFFY
REV. EDMUND T. SHANAHAN
MOTHER M. CASIMIR

SISTER CAMILLUS WALSH
GEORGE STAPE, Sr.
JAMES NEILAN
P. J. KINSLOW
MRS. P. HALL
SARAH McFARLAND
JOHN J. LEDDY
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DAVID DEE
MRS. H. WIMBERG
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MRS. M. CALLAHAN
EUGENE DANIELS
TERESA REMBUSCH
JOHN M. KAPP
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JOSEPH HABEN
MARGARET KELLY
MARY E. O'DONNELL
MARY WEISENBERG
EDWARD L. DOHENY, Jr.

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

I Talk to Myself

AN INFORMAL MEDITATION BY THE EDITOR

FROM time to time I have been asked: Is it really worth while to work so hard and to sacrifice so much for the conversion of the Chinese people?

I answer: IT IS.

There is no such thing as nationality with God, neither does He draw any color line.

Why should I?

My Lord Jesus Christ died for the Chinese as well as for me. They have as much right to His Redemption as I myself have.

If I really love Him, I will do what I can for the salvation of *all* souls.

Nor will I count the cost. Nor will I be disappointed if the results of my work are meagre.

Duty and today are mine. Results and the future are with God.

I have a *personal* obligation to extend the Kingdom of Christ. I have *today* to do that duty in.

In doing it I become a co-worker with Christ. Can there be any higher honor for His professed follower?

To fail in this duty is to commit a sin of omission. It is to waste an opportunity for which I am personally responsible.

It is worse than that. It is to forfeit the high privilege of working *for* Christ and *with* Christ.

He puts Himself under an obligation to me. In a very true sense His success depends upon my coöperation with Him.

Not only does He condescend to accept my service. He actually needs it.

Christ really needs the likes of me.

There is a certain something that I can do for Him that no one else can do.

Will I do it? If I don't do it, it won't be done.

Now, who am I? I am a Catholic. I believe in Jesus Christ. In spite of

all my sins, I hope that I have a little love for Him.

I am the reader of this notice. And I know something of what the good Passionist Missionaries are doing for God in China.

I most heartily approve of their work and I do sincerely hope that their labors will be abundantly blessed.

I appreciate the many and great sacrifices they are so generously making to spread Christ's kingdom.

But my mere approving appreciation will mean little, if anything. I can make it mean much by turning it into spiritual and material help.

I can pray for them. They say that they need many prayers.

I can give them some money, if only a trifle, for the upbuilding of their chapels, schools and hospitals.

The Missionaries will be grateful. They will pay me back in the coin that counts — their prayers, sacrifices and Masses.

Long after I am dead, and forgotten, even by my very own, their prayers and those of their successors will commend me to God.

TO PLANT Christ's Cross in China is the ambition of these Missionaries. Could there be a more worthy one? It *must* and *does* appeal to me.

I have done some things *against* Christ. Here is my opportunity of doing something *for* Him.

The something I do may not be much. But it will be something. And, besides, it will prove that I am with Christ and for Him.

Before I forget it, I will copy out the address. Here it is:

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED

[LEGAL TITLE]

Care of THE SIGN

UNION CITY

NEW JERSEY

Painless Giving

~~~~~

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS:

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,  
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

—o—o—

JUST DROP US A LINE ASKING FOR A BOX OR A  
BANK. IT WILL BE SENT YOU BY RETURN MAIL!

—o—o—

*Please write or print Name and Address very plain*

OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he has found over 850 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

## Who Will Die Tonight?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have to-day in which to get ready. Tonight may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

---

### Legal Form for Drawing up Your Will

*I hereby give and bequeath to  
PASSIONIST MISSIONS, IN-  
CORPORATED, a Society ex-  
isting under the laws of the State  
of NEW JERSEY, the sum of*

*(\$ . . . . .) for the purpose of  
the Society, as specified in the Act  
of Incorporation. And I hereby  
direct my executor to pay said  
sum to the Treasurer of PAS-  
SIONIST MISSIONS, IN-  
CORPORATED, taking his re-  
ceipt therefor within . . . . .  
months after my demise.*

*In witness whereof I have  
hereunto set my hand this . . . . .  
day of . . . . . 19 . . . . .  
Signed . . . . .  
Witness . . . . .  
Witness . . . . .  
Witness . . . . .*

---

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A healthy story about Dublin life as it really is.

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Contains a series of remarkable meditations on the mental sufferings of Our Lord in His Passion.

**KEEPING** in view our set purpose of spreading Catholic truth by the printed word, we shall list in these columns books of more than ordinary interest. \* \* \* \* The small profit accruing from the sale of these books goes to our Missionaries. \* \* \* \* We ask our Readers to contribute to a fund for free distribution of Catholic literature to non-Catholics. \* \* \* \* The price of books listed includes delivery.

SEND ORDERS TO  
THE SIGN  
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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# Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

**While Living:** One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts of the Church:

|                                  |                               |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Jan. 1, The Circumcision         | Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew      |
| Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus       | Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary     |
| Feb. 2, Purification of Mary     | Sept. 22, St. Matthew         |
| Feb. 24, St. Matthias            | Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude  |
| May 1, Sts. Philip and James     | Nov. 30, St. Andrew           |
| May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross | Dec. 21, St. Thomas           |
| July 25, St. James               | Dec. 26, St. Stephen          |
|                                  | Dec. 27, St. John, Evangelist |

**After Death** One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

**Furthermore:** Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

**P**ERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

**L**ONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. \* \* \* \* As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

PLEASE WRITE TO:

**The Passionist Missionaries**

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey



